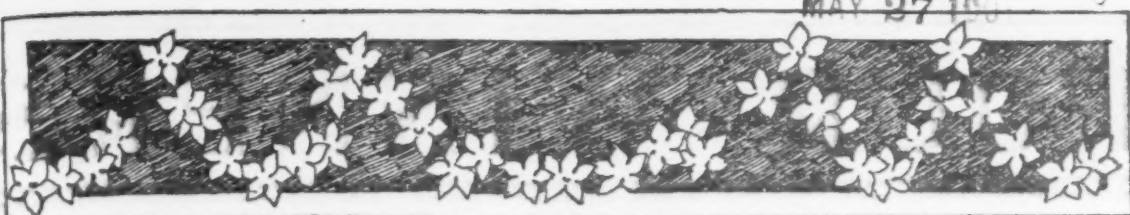


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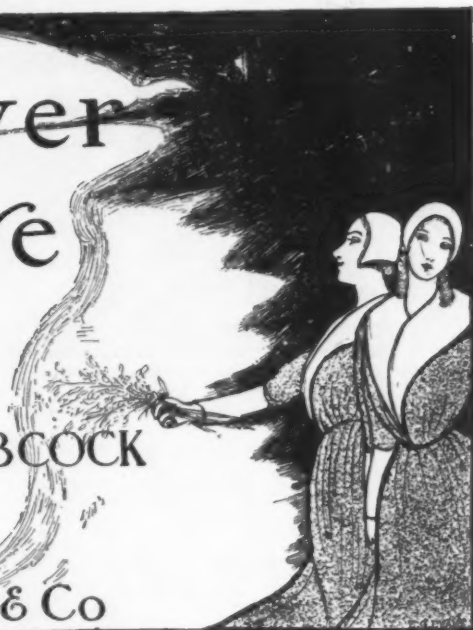
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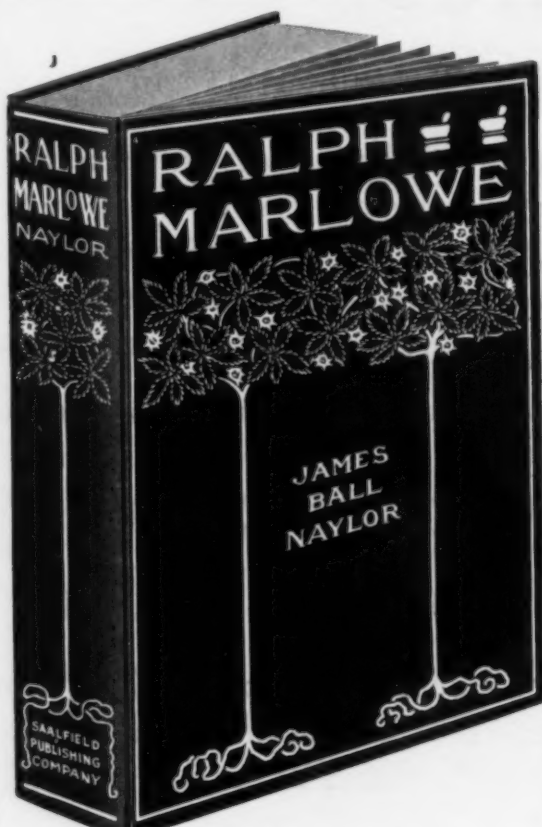
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"On my tombstone may be written 'Cigit the greatest novel reader in the world and nobody will forbid the inscription. There is the love of literature, which is one thing, and the love of fiction, which is another. I am not fastidious and the two loves have a race-course clear.'"

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

In great measure the answer to the question so often propounded recently: How can readers be found to account for the phenom-

States has trebled, and the proportion of readers has more than thrice trebled, and really puzzle out the problem as to the relative popularity of such books as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Helen's Babies," "Rudder Grange," "Looking Backward," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Robert Elsmere," "The Leavenworth Case," "The Breadwinners," "The Gates Ajar," "Ben Hur," etc., and the stories of



EDWARD N. WESTCOTT.

Author of "David Harum." Appleton.

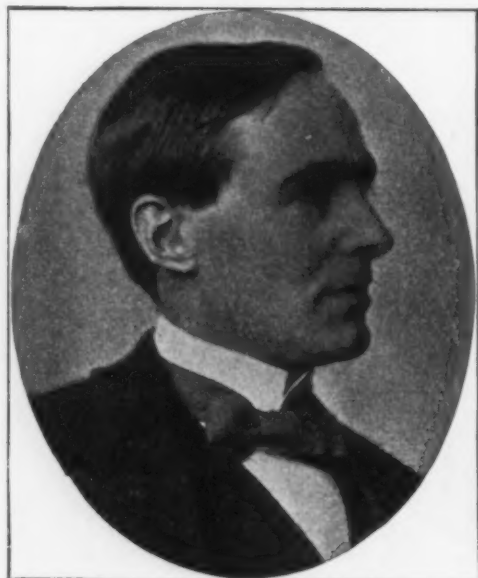
enal sales of the fiction of the hour? is the same as the answer to the old riddle: "Why do white sheep eat more than black ones?" "Because there are more of them."

Every human being has all the time there is, and yet with this inexhaustible time-resource at command we have not yet found that quiet hour we are looking for, when we can go over the books that have been received with acclamation during the last fifty years, during which the population of the United



IRVING BACHELLER.

Author of "Eben Holden." Lothrop Pub. Co.



WINSTON CHURCHILL.

Author of "Richard Carvel." Macmillan.

the past few years, now best known under the generic though unliterary term of "big sellers."

The conditions of daily life in the United States have changed during the past fifty years in ways totally incomprehensible except to those who can look back over those fifty years. Steam and electricity that have opened the world to all and have increased the work of the world in so many directions have had the exact opposite effect in the home. There work has been simplified and leisure, that first great requisite of culture, has come to a large proportion of our people. All the world reads and reads at all times. Nowhere else in the world do we see every man read his own newspaper on the two rides he takes daily between his home and his business.

With constantly changing political geography more and more interest attaches to the history and inhabitants brought prominently before the readers of newspapers, as first one and then another political question makes all eyes rest first upon one and then another portion of our discovered and explored world. It is the day and hour of history, and history made easy and palatable in fiction is the reading of the masses. Then again the classes are paying heed to ancestry and genealogy, and the women of America are ranging themselves as Colonial Dames, Mayflower Descendants, Daughters of the Revolution, etc., and to all these new interests the novels of

American history make special appeal. The younger generation read with intense pleasure of the conditions only known to them through delightful old grandmothers and their "reminiscing" contemporaries, and this accounts for the great success of the quiet stories of homes in the various sections of our vast territory. These few words describe present conditions and explain the possibility of the phenomenon, but are by no means intended to belittle the intrinsic power of the books that are getting into so many thousands, and scattering through this vast country, where every little town has its library and its newspapers to bring new books among the people.

And this great reading public is reached by the publisher of ephemeral literature as it is reached by merchants of all kinds—through the ubiquitous newspaper. Curiosity is excited, times are good and people buy according to their several interests.

It was merit that made Wallace's "Ben Hur" sell 711,000 copies, and "Trilby" 205,000 copies; and with these books began the great boom in fiction which is now at its height. We print the list of the "great sellers" since 1898, and so far as has been attainable we give the number of copies sold. Many publishers now refuse to give exact figures, because this special form of advertising has been much abused. Among such are Bowen-Merrill Company, who have Major's "When Knighthood Was in Flower" and Maurice Thompson's "Alice



PAUL L. FORD.

Author of "Janice Meredith." Dodd, M. & Co.

CHARLES MAJOR.

Author of "When Knighthood Was in Flower." Bowen-Merrill Co.

of Old Vincennes;" Henry Holt & Co., who brought out Paul Leicester Ford's "The Honorable Peter Stirling," Mrs. Voynich's "The Gadfly," and Anthony Hope's "Prisoner of Zenda;" and Charles Scribner's Sons, who have Page's "Red Rock," and Mrs. Burnett's "In Connection With the De Willoughby Claim."

It is very satisfying to note that all these books that have found such favor are of the highest moral tone, and several of them specially devoted to the extolling of lovable domestic characters. All of them show intense love of nature, a sense of right and wrong and the touch of humor so sadly lacking in the problem novels which they succeeded. Many of them have strong dramatic elements, and have been successfully put on the stage.

The sale of the books has been greatly promoted by the plays made of "Ben Hur," "Trilby," "Prisoner of Zenda," "When Knighthood Was in Flower," "Janice Meredith," "To Have and to Hold," "In the Palace of the King," "Richard Carvel," etc. Publishers are encouraged and confidently bring out a first edition of a new book by an author of whom all the world is speaking. Witness Bertha Runkle's "The Helmet of Navarre," and Winston Churchill's "The Crisis," the sequel to "Richard Carvel," which tells how the descendants of this colonial gentleman proved true to their ancestors in the trying days of the Civil War.

We have tried to obtain the portraits of the authors whose works have brought them fame, for in our day the personality of the author has become of as much interest as his book. Miss Runkle will not have her picture printed in the periodicals, a sentiment to be commended, but we regret not to show the



MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

Author of "Eleanor." Harper.

face of the girl who has written a story of the Huguenots that shows erudition and remarkable dramatic instinct.

The great fear is that authors will write too much of this popular fiction. Let them profit by what they have done and let us read their books again while waiting for more. That will decide quicker than all else what is boom and what is merit in this fiction of phenomenal sale.

BOOKS THAT HAVE SOLD 100,000 COPIES.

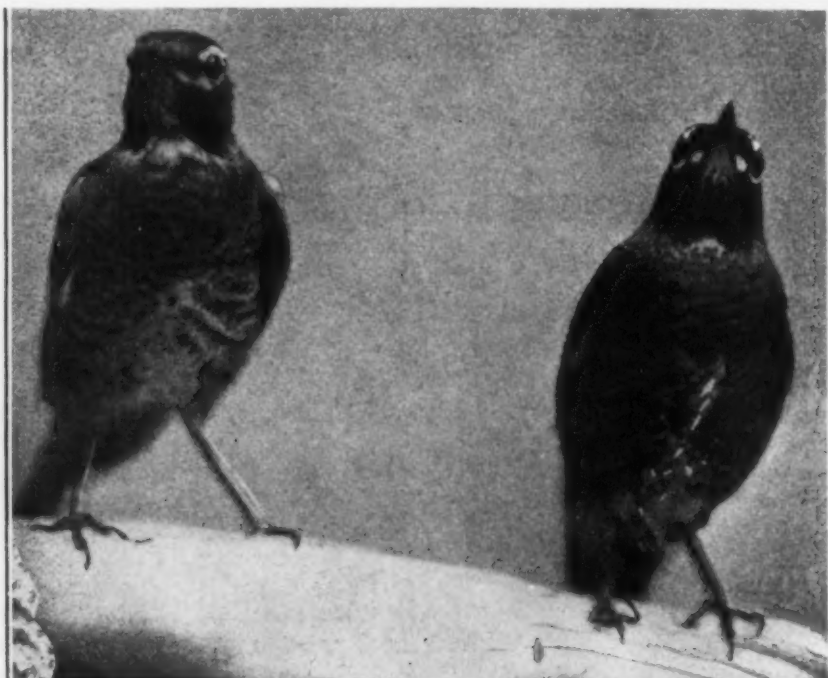
1898-1901.

Alice of Old Vincennes.	Thompson.	100,000
Black Rock.	Connor.	143,000
Crisis (The).	Churchill.	100,000
David Harum.	Westcott.	500,000
Day's (The) Work.	Kipling.	100,000
De Willoughby Claim.	Burnett.	100,000
Eben Holden.	Bachelor.	265,000
Eleanor.	Mrs. Ward.	100,000
Helmet of Navarre.	Runkle.	100,000
Hon. Peter Stirling.	Ford.	100,000
In His Steps.	Sheldon.	150,000
Janice Meredith.	Ford.	250,000
Prisoner of Zenda.	Hope.	100,000
Quincy Adams Sawyer.	Pidgin.	106,344
Red Rock.	Page.	100,000
Reign of Law.	Allen.	120,000
Richard Carvel.	Churchill.	375,000
To Have and to Hold.	Johnston.	285,000
When Knighthood Was in Flower.		
Major.		325,000



C. F. PIDGIN.

Author of "Quincy Adams Sawyer." Clark Pub. Co.



From "Mr. Chupes and Miss Jenny."

Copyright, 1901, by Baker-Taylor Co.

MISS JENNY.

MR. CHUPES.

THE DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Nature Reading for Young People.

"Sweet as Eden is the air
And Eden-sweet the ray.
No Paradise is lost for them
Who foot by branching root and stem
And lightly with the woodland share
The change of night and day."

THERE are few nowagays to whom the summer does not bring a share of outdoor life—long days or weeks in woodland, meadow, or sea-haven, where sunshine and breezes are balm and tonic to mind and body. Each year the feeling deepens that for young people especially it is a necessity to come in touch with Nature at her loveliest season and let her fragrant breath blow out of the brain the cobwebs left by school study and winter tasks. And every year the number grows of those who are initiate in Nature's lore, and who would make plainer to us the knowledge of her secrets and beauties. There is a vast difference between the grim botanical, ornithological and zoological text-books of an earlier generation, with their sad-colored covers, serried ranks of Latin names, and often tear-stained pages, and the many beautiful books that to-day mask their scientific batteries, alluring their small readers with "Stories Mother Nature Told Her Children," inviting them to "Nature's Garden," leading them "Through the Year with the Wild Flowers," giving to all growing, creeping, flying things a personality and enduring charm.

Summer time is not study time—perish the thought! But it is the time, of all others,

when playtime may be most truly a seedtime of broadened knowledge, quickened perceptions, and deepened thought; and it is with such purpose that there should be chosen the dozen or more books that are to aid in making vacation days full of interest and delight. The literature of outdoors is so wide and varied that we can but glean here and there in the field, touching upon a few of the books in different branches of Nature knowledge that are especially suitable as summer reading for boys and girls. Of course, individual choice must be largely influenced by individual considerations—especially by the place where the summer is to be passed, whether it be mountains, shore, or farming country—but books in one or more of the broad classes of Nature lore should be an indispensable part of the vacation equipment.

Let us take first some of the simple and charming books in which Nature as a whole is outlined. For the younger children nothing has superseded Jane Andrews' "Stories Mother Nature Told Her Children," full of literary charm and clear perception. Two of Arabella Buckley's books are useful in this field—"Life and Her Children," giving glimpses of animal life in the lower forms;

while "Winners in Life's Race" introduces us to "the great back-boned family," and both are admirable introductions to natural history, couched in simple and graphic language. Mrs. Bamford's "Lookabout Club" is more untechnical, telling of a children's natural history club and the curious live things, animals and insects, it collected; while Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright's two books, "Tommy Anne and the Three Hearts" and "Wabeno the Magician," are veritably an open door to Nature's fairyland, in which bobolinks, tadpoles, squirrels, and many another wild creature tell to children the stories of their homes and lives. W. H. Gibson's "Eye Spy" will delight young and old, with its beautifully written chapters and charming drawings portraying the haunts and characteristics of beetles, mushrooms, tendrils, grasshoppers, snakes, and other creatures of the earth; Kearton's "Wild Life at Home" and "With Nature and a Camera" give fascinating glimpses at the retreats of birds and shy creatures, and will set the youthful sportsman upon the hunting trail, with the substitution of the camera for the gun; while for sheer beauty and illumination of spirit one must have the volume of "Nature Studies from John Ruskin," in which Miss Porter has gathered the most beautiful utterances of the English seer, grouped under such divisions as "Sky and Cloud," "The Mountain Kingdom," "Trees and Their Ministry," "A Charm of Birds."

In "animal books," who should lead the van if not the chronicler of Lobo, the friend of Raggylug and Bingo? It matters little that "Wild Animals I have Known" is now a household word to most boys and girls, for with each fresh reading its spell of charm and power is deepened. To go with it we may choose Cornish's "Animals at Work and Play," more scientific in its scope, but full of entertaining descriptions of such details as animal etiquette, animals' toilettes, and animals' beds; Ingersoll's "Wild Neighbors" and "Friends Worth Knowing," introducing us to a varied coterie, from wild mice to the American buffalo; or John Burroughs' delightful little book on "Squirrels and Other Fur-Bearers," which tells from the experience of a veteran naturalist about woodchucks, chipmunks, rabbits, muskrats, weasels and their relations, and is enriched with many fine colored plates.

The "charm of birds," as Ruskin calls it, holds a perennial fascination, if one may judge from the extent and variety of its liter-

ature. For general manuals, full of charming descriptions and often rich in colored plates, we may select among Chapman's "Bird-life," in its fine new edition; Neltje Blanchan's delightful records of "Bird Neighbors" and "Birds That Hunt and Are Hunted," Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller's "First" and "Second" "Book of Birds," Torrey's "Everyday Birds," or Mrs. Wright's "Bird-



From "Lovers of the Woods." Copyright, 1901, by McClure, Phillips & Co.

THE LEAFY WOODS.

craft." Then there are Mrs. Miller's delightful books, "Little Brothers of the Air" and "Upon the Tree-tops;" Chapman's "Bird Studies with a Camera," full of suggestion for the amateur photographer; Kearton's admirable little book, "Our Bird Friends," with its exquisite pictures and practical hints for bird study; Mrs. Wright's "Citizen Bird," told in simple story form; and Herrick's "Home Life of Wild Birds." Or we may ramble in woods and fields with John Burroughs' "Wake Robin" and "Birds and Bees," linger as



From "Wild Animals I Have Known." Copyright 1896, by Scribner.

watchers "On the Birds' Highway" with R. H. Howe, or lose ourselves in Dr. Abbott's charming studies of "Birds About Us" and "Travels in a Tree-top;" while, turning from birds in general to some birds in particular, there are Mrs. Bignell's charming life-story of her two pet robins "Mr. Chupes and Miss Jenny," and Mrs. Eckstrom's little treatise on "The Woodpeckers."

Let us turn now from living creatures to the growing things that clothe Mother Earth in her ever-changing robes. For the younger children there is Kate Brown's gracefully written little "Nature reader" on "The Plant Baby and Its Friends," Mrs. Dana's ac-



From "Wasps and Their Ways."

count of "Plants and Their Children," or Phoebe Allen's delightful story of "Jack and Jill's Journey Through the Plant Kingdom," with its beautiful illustrations. More advanced in scope and admirable in presentation are Grant Allen's "Story of the Plants," Vincent's "Plant World," and Selina Gaye's "Great World's Farm," telling of Nature's crops and how they grow. The spring and summer quests for wild flowers will be full of a new interest, when we have wandered with Neltje Blanchan in "Nature's Garden," or with Maude Going among the "Field, Forest and Wayside Flowers," have learned from

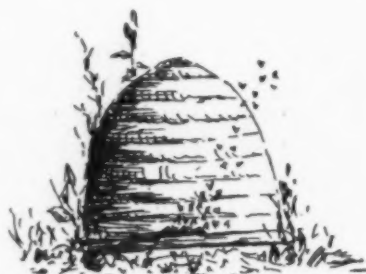
Miss Lounsberry's "Guide" or from Mrs. Dana "How to Know the Wild Flowers," or have browsed over Step's little volume on "The Romance of Wild Flowers." In the same way the great banks of wild bracken or the sheltered fern-clumps of the woods will take on a fresh charm for the possessor of Mrs. Dana's delightful manual "How to Know the Ferns," or Clute's simple guide-book of "Our Ferns in Their Haunts;" while Mathews' "Familiar Features of the Roadside" tells of the neglected beauties of such "weeds" as wild carrot, tansy, or green brier. Then there is "The Mushroom Book," by



From "Wasps and Their Ways."

Nina Marshall, opening delightful possibilities of woodsy exploration; and the many helps in the fascinating pursuit of "tree-ology"—Mathews' "Familiar Trees and Their Leaves," Keeler's "Our Native Trees," Miss Lounsberry's "Guide to the Trees," or Mrs. Dyson's imaginative and poetic "Stories of the Trees."

The myriads of tiny winged things have their chroniclers. Standard in the field is Comstock's "Insect Life," now rich with colored plates in a fine new edition. Simple and charming for children is the little story of "Old Farm Fairies," by H. C. McCook, in which the wicked spider pixies persecute the insect brownies of the household. Clarence



From "Wasps and Their Ways." Copyright 1901, by Dodd, Mead & Co.

Weed's "Life Histories of American Insects" is the work of a thorough naturalist, but full of interest to the novice; and it is superfluous to touch upon the grace and beauty of Gibson's "Sharp Eyes," one of the best of all books to interest young people in insect life. Beautiful and elaborate with its colored plates is Holland's "Butterfly Book," while Scudder's "Life of a Butterfly" and "Everyday Butterflies" are capital introductions to the study of these lovely "flowers of the air;" but even more fascinating than butterfly lore is the wonderful insect life so delightfully described in Margaret Morley's books on "Wasps and Their Ways" and "The Bee People," and upon which Maurice Maeterlinck has based his wonderful poetical and philosophical study, "The Life of a Bee."

If the summer days are to be passed along the coast the vacation bookshelf may well contain Ernest Ingersoll's "Book of the Ocean," telling of waves and currents, of sea-creatures, and of sea life in peace and war; and Augusta Arnold's handsome volume "The Sea-beach at Ebb-tide," with its full technical information about seaweeds, shells, and the jetsam of the tides. Or for the sojourner by fresh streams there is Mary Bamford's narrative of what may be found "Up and Down the Brooks," or Bayliss' study of animal life "In Brook or Bayou," while the young fisherman may brighten his wits and his luck by aid of McCarthy's handbook on "Familiar Fish, Their Habits and Capture," and Wells' thorough guide to the use of "Fly Rods and Fly Tackle." It is possible even to attain a fair degree of wisdom on the most crucial of vacation questions through Mark Harrington's interesting little manual "About the Weather," while to fully realize the wonder and beauty of cloudless summer nights there are few better aids than Serviss' "Astronomy with an Opera Glass," Ball's "Star-land," or Bickerton's "Romance of the Heavens."



From "Our Bird Friends."

Cassell & Co.

"WHO SAID MICE?"

But if the young people have their share of the books that shall aid them

"To read the lines dear Earth designs
To speak her life on ours,"

there may well be for the tired "Olympians" a few volumes breathing the rest and peace of Nature. For these we may turn to Hamilton Mabie's "Essays on Nature and Culture," to van Dyke's "Little Rivers" or "Fisherman's Luck," to the ever-charming "Elizabeth" and her "Solitary Summer;" while those who feel with Lord Bacon that "the Lord God first planted a garden" will find delight in charming volumes of garden experiments and experiences—Martha Bockée Flint's "Garden of Simples," Maud Marvon's story of "How the Garden Grew," or the delightful books of "E. V. B.," "Seven Gardens and a Palace" and "Sylvana's Letters to an Unknown Friend."

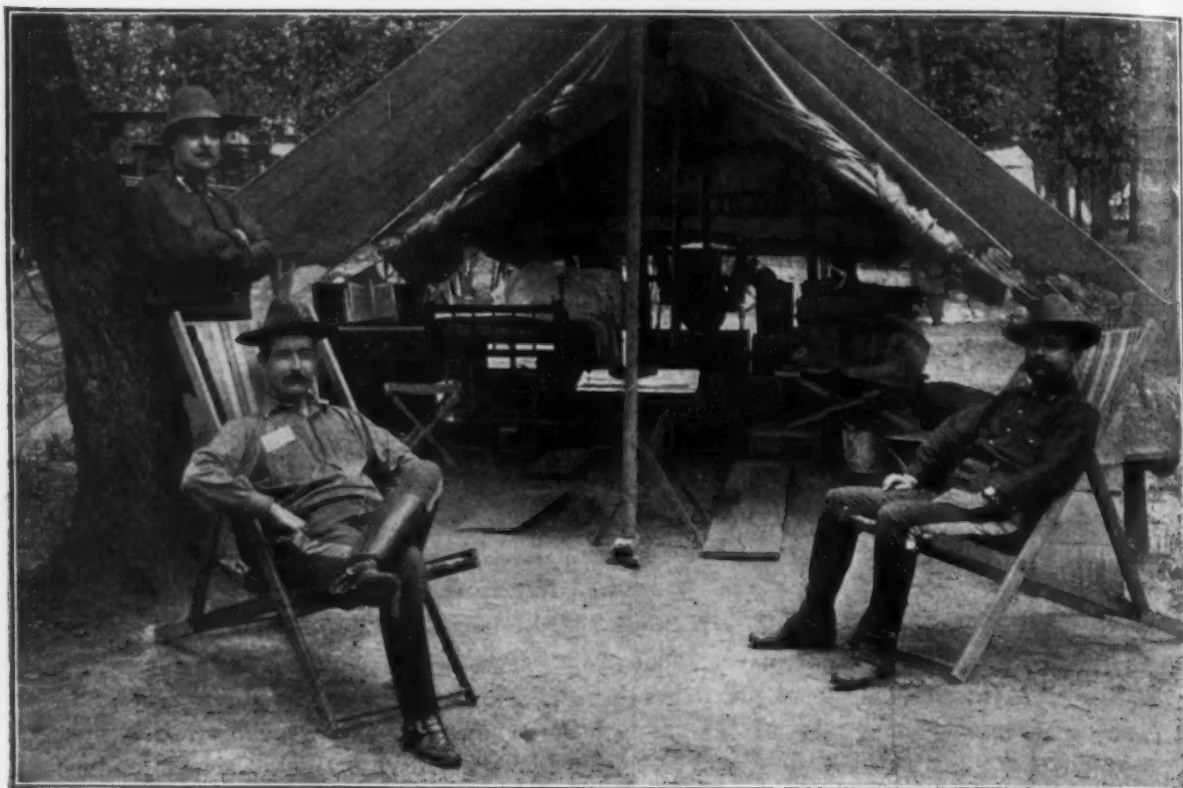
Among this wealth of books choice may be difficult, but it is well worth making. For through such means as these the summer days may take on a richer beauty and interest, and our eyes may be opened to see new meanings in that wonderful command to "call no thing common or unclean."



From "Harold's Explorations."

Copyright 1901, by D. Appleton & Co.

POND LIFE.



From "Under Tops'ls and Tents."

Copyright, 1901, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE "EVANGELISTS'" TENT.

An Unpromising Landlord.

From Preston's "An Abandoned Farmer."
(Scribner.)

"No," said the postmistress, shaking her head dubiously, "I don't think you'd find a place to suit within a mile of this station. You say you want a small farm with a middling good house, and the only vacant place about here has a hundred acres and the house ain't no better than a shanty."

It was the prettiest bit of country that we had yet found in our search for our ideal farm, and the answer of the postmistress caused us keen disappointment. Paul's little hand, which had clutched mine with a tense expectant grip, suddenly relaxed. "Are we not going to live in the country?" he asked, in a trembling voice.

"Oh, I forgot the Waydean homestead," the postmistress called out, as we turned away; "but, anyway I don't suppose"—she looked at us in turn with a speculative air, smiling slightly—"you could strike a bargain with old Peter."

"Why not?" demanded Marion eagerly. "Is it a nice place—is it near the railroad?"

"It's one of them old-fashioned kind, with tiny panes in the windows—set cornery, and——"

"Not diamond panes, surely?" cried Marion, with a gasp of excitement.

The postmistress gazed at her with an expression of incredulous pity. "Oh, no," she replied; "just common glass, and I think you'd find it trying to have to look out of a different pane with both eyes. Then them big fireplaces would make it hard to heat, but you could board them up and put a base-burner in the hall and run the stove-pipe——"

"Oh, no!" ejaculated Marion, in horror.

"That would be dreadful! Are they real big fireplaces, with andirons?"

"They're big enough in all conscience, but I don't mind seeing any hand-irons. There's some rubbishy old brass firedogs and fixings."

Marion's eyes sparkled with joyful assurance and she stood up with an eager movement; I motioned her to wait.

"Do you happen to know," I asked the postmistress, "what is the rent of the place?"

"Well, he asks different rents from different people," she answered slowly, her features showing grim amusement, "and no one has ever managed to strike a bargain with him yet. Last spring a man came along from the city thinking as the place was standing idle anyway he ought to be able to rent it cheap for the summer, so he hunted Peter up to show him round. He was one of them big blustering sort of men that acts as if country people wasn't no better than door mats, but Peter followed him about as meek as Moses, carrying his overcoat and umbrella for him. They come in here about train time, then the man pulls out a dime and says, 'Here, my man,' says he, 'is something for your trouble. It's a ramshackle old house and ain't worth two hundred a year, but I'll give you fifty for six months.' Peter was looking at the dime in a puzzled sort of way, then he smiled a curious sort of smile and bit the edge before he put it in his pocket. 'You're most too kind, sir,' he says, 'for it has been a great entertainment to me to show you about, and I don't often have the company of a real gentleman. I'm sorry the place is beyond your means, but the fact is that I couldn't afford to let you have it less than two hundred a month. I'm sorry,' says he, 'that you had so much trouble for noth-

ing, but I'll just slip this half-dollar into your pocket and you'll have it to spend when you get back to the city.' With that he lays down the overcoat and umbrella and walks out. And for all the fine clothes and jewelry of that man, he used such profane language that I had to ask him to stop or else step outside. That's just like old Peter—he's so touchy there's no getting on with him, though he can be as sweet as pie if he happens to take a fancy to a person."

You Will Tell Him?

From "The Turn of the Road." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

THEY were two women loving the same man, and neither was ashamed. Kate spoke suddenly with low-voiced, tremulous passion.

"But you went to Russia, Winifred; you left him when he needed you, and only you in all the world."

"It was only two months ago that I heard," answered Winifred.

"That you heard?"

"That he was blind."

The beating of Kate's heart was suffocating. Winifred was strangely still.

"But my letter?"

"What letter?"

"The one I wrote in Paris—you *must* remember. You know the time I saw you. Dan was blind then, and I knew it. I meant to tell you, only—I couldn't; so I wrote instead."

"You wrote me—two years ago—that he was blind?"

"Yes, yes! you *must* have received it, Winifred. The *concierge* took it herself; she told me you had it—and you went to Russia just the same."

"I never saw the letter," said Winifred, and again she turned away her face, with closed eyes. There was a silence, and then Kate cried out piteously,—

"Winifred! Winifred!—if you had seen the letter, would you have come back?"

But Winifred did not answer, and the moveless profile outlined against the chair told nothing.

"Dan thinks you knew—two years ago," continued Kate.

"It is no matter now," said Winifred.

"Shall I tell him how it was?"

"It is no matter now," repeated Winifred. Then she turned and looked at Kate.

"Why didn't you tell me, instead of writing?" she asked.

"Because I hated you—and because I have loved Dan all my life," said Kate. "Afterwards I wrote, because I loved him more than I hated you, and if you would make him happy"—

Winifred rose, and walked to and fro across the room. Kate watched her with her hand at her side. Since Winifred loved Dan, it was all over for her, and there was a look of wild misery in her eyes. Suddenly Winifred paused by her chair.

"Kate," she said gently.

Kate looked up to meet grave, deep eyes and smiling lips. Winifred was holding out her hand.

"I wish you would try not to hate me any longer," she said. "I have been a hard woman—an unkind one often, I am afraid; but perhaps I have been most unkind to myself, and that should make it easier to forgive me, Kate." She smiled again. The hand that held Kate's was firm, and the steady voice low and thrilling. "Perhaps some day you will tell Dan of the lost letter," she continued; "I don't like to have him think his oldest friend could be so unkind as to have kept silent during these two years. You will tell him?" The last words were more a command than a request.

"Yes," answered Kate tremulously, as she rose.

"And you will not keep on hating me always?"

Kate looked up.

"I never knew you before," she said with a dry, choking sob. "I might have known—I might have known he could never care for me, after loving you."

Together on the Deck of a Ship.

From "Antonia." (L. C. Page & Co.)

BETWEEN the two rooms stood Antonia, great circles under her eyes, but she smiled as she said, "Have you come to scold me? Indeed, this time, it is not my fault." Her feet were encased in moccasins, while a brilliant blanket was thrown about her.

Great emotions have least expression, so I answered nothing. Instant action was nec-



From "Antonia."

Copyright by L. C. Page & Co.

IN DEEP THOUGHT.

essary, for we had no more presents, and I would not leave her with the chance that she might be spirited away again, and held for higher ransom. It was her woman's wit that solved the problem. She must have read perplexity in my face, for she said rapidly, "I will tell you all about my awful journey when we are going to New Amsterdam, but now tell them that I am your wife, and as you are the mediator between the Dutch and Indians you demand my release without ransom."

She swayed as she finished, but it was only for an instant, and she was her own brave self again. The chief, with his council, was already outside the wigwam and, much to my surprise, did not even demur when I put the case as she had suggested. In all my dealings with the red men I had found them just if not generous. When I said, "She is my wife," they said no word, but gave me furs to cover her, and escorted us to the "Privateer."

For long hours I listened to the strange tale of how they were carried from the encampment. It seems that the old chief had heard that a woman of wealth would be in the great encampment, and that a large ransom would be paid for her, so two of the fleetest of the tribe were sent in a canoe to steal her. They crept from the water to the wigwam, and lifting the cover slipped under opposite the place where I was sleeping. They gagged Pompey, before he could utter a sound, and entering Antonia's room, covered her with a blanket to prevent her screaming, and lifting her in his arms a strong and sinewy brave carried her to the canoe. The other followed with Pompey. "It is well, perhaps," she said, "that the poniard was in your doublet, for I should have used it to good purpose that night." Had she not laughed, I should have once more taken her in my arms at the risk of another rebuff. She tempted me so. Something said to me, be content with her presence, it is more than you hoped for.

They had covered her with furs in the canoe, so that the water did not touch her, and when they reached their journey's end a young Indian girl had done what she could to make her comfortable. I begged her to rest, and she lay on deck and slept.

Once again I watched over her, and this time my eyes watched the stars come out, the moon wax and wane, and the dawn brighten the east. She awakened as we neared the fort, and again we stood together on the deck of a ship.

An American Victory.

From Evans' "A Sailor's Log." (Appleton.)

PROBABLY the most notable race we pulled was that in Hong Kong on the French emperor's birthday. The French admiral was determined to take the championship away from us, and to do so had built a sixteen-oared mahogany barge, which was light and supposed to be very fast. The crew trained at night, so that it was impossible to get an idea of what they were like; but I succeeded at last, by watching them closely and surprising them in the darkness, in getting a line on

them. I was convinced that we could beat them, and advised all our people to bet that way, which they did; and as the betting was at long odds on the French boat, many of us did not have to trouble the paymaster for months. As the day of the race approached, the flagships of the different nations—French, English, American, and Russian—were moored on the course, where all could have a good view of the race from start to finish. Six boats were entered—two French, two English, and two American—and the distance to be pulled was six miles, three miles away and a turn. I was lucky enough to draw the position next the starting boat, which insured my getting off promptly at the word. Next to me was the French barge, on which so much money had been bet. She certainly did look very fit and dangerous, but six miles is a long way, and I knew that I had wind and muscle in my boat. The day before the race every man in the Delaware drew all the money that was due him, and bet it, of course. Deck buckets of silver dollars were taken on board the French flagship, sized up against theirs, and placed under guard. Everybody was betting, and all, except our crew, was backing the French boat to win.

The first mile of the course was packed on either side with boats crowded with people and covered with flags, and must have presented a beautiful sight to those who had time to observe it. I was not able to see much of it. I was busy watching the red-colored French barge, and occasionally glancing at the fourteen hard-set, anxious faces in my boat. At last we were on the line, oars pointed forward, feet firmly braced against the stretchers, mouths shut like steel traps, and every muscle and nerve tense almost to the point of breaking. "Are you ready?" and then "Go!" came from the starter. With one beautiful flash of the oars we all caught the water together, and were off. I could feel my heart thump in my breast as I saw, with one eye, the light French-built boat shoot out half a length ahead of us, and with the other eye the fourteen faces all turned on mine. Three hard quick strokes had set us going, and for a moment the red barge seemed to be tied to us, so even was our pace; then I could see my starboard bow-oar slowly, inch by inch, dip out ahead of her. About five hundred yards from the start was a bunch of American boats crowded with yelling lunatics, and as I approached them I spoke a word to the crew, signalled the stroke to rise to forty, and before the Frenchman knew what had happened to him he had our wash, and, barring accidents, the race was won. Then we settled down to our long, swinging thirty-two strokes, which were to last the rest of the distance. The French crew began yelling when we passed them, and I believe they kept it to the finish.

It struck me as about the worst use I had ever known a racing crew to put their lungs to, but it pleased me immensely to have them do it. At the turning buoy we were thirty seconds ahead, and on the pull we gained one minute. Crossing the finish line, I tossed oars for a second as the gun flashed, and then pulled to the ship at the same racing speed.

As I shot alongside, the tackles were hooked and the boat run up to the davits, crew and all. All hands tumbled out on deck, and when the French barge crossed the line our boat was quietly hanging at the davits, as if nothing had happened. It was only a boat race, it is true, but it was a grand one, and we won it. The boat from the Iroquois came in second, so we had all the honors as well as all the money.

myself before Monsieur; wherefore I went no farther that night than the inn of the *Amour de Dieu*, in the *Rue des Coupejarrets*.

Far below my garret window lay the street—a trench between the high houses. Scarce eight feet off loomed the dark wall of the house opposite. To me, fresh from the wide woods of St. Quentin, it seemed the desire of Paris folk to outhuddle in closeness the rabbits in a warren. So ingenious were they at



From "The Helmet of Navarre."

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"WITH A CRY, MONSIEUR SPRANG TOWARD ME."

A Vivid Vision.

From Kunkle's "The Helmet of Navarre." (Century Co.)

"Do you still wish to join M. le Duc?" he said.

"Father!" was all I could gasp.

"Then you shall go," he answered. That was not bad for an old man who had lost two sons for Monsieur!

I set out in the morning, light of baggage, purse, and heart. I can tell naught of the journey, for I heeded only that at the end of it lay Paris. I reached the city one day at sundown, and entered without a passport at the St. Denis gate, the warders being hardly so strict as Mayenne supposed. I was dusty, foot-sore, and hungry, in no guise to present

contriving to waste no inch of open space that the houses, standing at the base but a scant street's width apart, ever jugged out farther at each story till they looked to be fairly toppling together. I could see into the windows up and down the way; see the people moving about within; hear opposite neighbors call to each other. But across from my aery were no lights and no people, for that house was shuttered tight from attic to cellar, its dark front as expressionless as a blind face. I marvelled how it came to stand empty in that teeming quarter.

Too tired, however, to wonder long, I blew out the candle, and was asleep before I could shut my eyes.

Crash! Crash! Crash!

I sprang out of bed in a panic, thinking

Henry of Navarre was bombarding Paris. Then, being fully roused, I perceived that the noise was thunder.

From the window I peered into floods of rain. The peals died away. Suddenly came a terrific lightning-flash, and I cried out in astonishment. For the shutter opposite was open, and I had a vivid vision of three men in the window.

Then all was dark again, and the thunder shook the roof.

I stood straining my eyes into the night, waiting for the next flash. When it came it showed me the window barred as before. Flash followed flash; I winked the rain from my eyes and peered in vain. The shutter remained closed as if it had never been opened. Sleep rolled over me in a great wave as I groped my way back to bed.

Children of the Stream.

From Boardman's "Lovers of the Woods." (McClure, Phillips & Co.)

"I DON'T see how these innocent fry can grow up to be cannibals, but they do. All fish are like some men that start right and go wrong. Billy Drew tells a story and I know it's true. Last summer when he was fishin' in Long Lake, the buckskin thong chat was fastened on his watch slipped off his pants' button and the watch dropped out of his pocket into forty feet of water. In the fall I was out with him spearin' pickerel, and when we come ashore I says, 'Billy, what makes that tickin' sound?' and says he, 'I guess that's my watch.' And he opened a ten-pound pickerel and found it, keepin' time just as natural as any watch. The thong was looped on the pickerel's jaw, and was more or less wound on the stem-winder, and the motions of bitin' and digestin' kep' the watch spring tight as a drum, for a pickerel never rests."

"John," said Hardy, "is that all true?"

"In a few weeks, when the fry in our troughs have learned what fun it is to eat, they'll begin to object to our bill of fare, and call it monotonous and hold indignation meetin's and inquire of each other if any one ever heard of havin' nothin' but liver to eat six times a day. A good many'll conclude that there's more variety and excitement outside, and they'll crowd under the tail-board and into the wire meshes, and die there. Then the black flies and mosquitoes will come and hover over the troughs and the trout'll leap for 'em and throw themselves over the sides to die on the floor. The only thing that has more appetite than trout is a reptile. Every crack in the hatchery needs to be closed tight to keep out snakes, lizards, and frogs. I found a frog at the troughs one mornin' and cut him open and counted out four hundred fry."

"He must have belonged, or wanted to belong, to the 'Smart Set,'" said Hardy. "But what is the result of all these diseases and accidents? How many fish, out of a thousand eggs, live?"

"That depends on the eggs, and the diseases and the accidents. Some lots of eggs produce mostly weak or deformed fish, while other lots hatch out 95 per cent. of good ones.

Without figurin' on serious accidents, such as the breakin' away of the dam or freezin' of the water in the intake pipe, when everything in the hatchery may be lost, it's good work in this region to save three-quarters of 'em until May and June, when we put out fry; or half of 'em to October, when we call 'em fingerlings. This, of course, is thousands of times better luck than trout have when they spawn naturally in the streams. One man's guess is as good as another's, but I don't suppose that more'n one out of a thousand natural born eggs makes a trout that lives. If it did, they would pretty soon be thick enough to raise the river a foot a year."

The Princess Entered.

From McCutcheon's "Graustark." (Stone.)

PRINCE BOLAROEZ and his nobles stood to the right of the throne, the Graustark men and women of degree to the left, while near the door, on both sides, were to be seen the leading military men of both principalities. Near the Duke of Mizrox was stationed the figure of Gabriel, Prince of Dawsbergen. He had come, with a half dozen followers, among a crowd of unsuspecting Axphainians, and had taken his position near the throne. Anguish entered with Baron Dangloss and they stood together near the doorway, the latter whiter than he had ever been in his life.

Then came the hush of expectancy. The doors swung open, the curtains parted and the Princess entered.

She was supported on the arm of her tall uncle, Caspar of Halfont. Pages carried the train of her dress, a jeweled gown of black. As she advanced to the throne, calm and stately, those assembled bent knee to the fairest woman the eye had ever looked upon.

The calm, proud exterior hid the most unhappy of hearts. The resolute courage with which her spirit had been braced for the occasion was remarkable in more ways than one. Among other inspirations behind the valiant show was the bravery of a guilty conscience. Her composure sustained a shock when she passed Allode at the door. That faithful, heart-broken servitor looked at her face with pleading, horror-struck eyes as much as to say: "Good God, are you going to destroy Graustark for the sake of that murderer? Have pity on us—have pity!"

Before taking her seat on the throne, she swept the thrilled assemblage with her wide blue eyes. There were shadows beneath them, and there were wells of tears behind them. As she looked upon the little knot of white-faced northern barons, her knees trembled and her heart gave a great throb of pity. Still the face was resolute. Then she saw Anguish and the suffering Dangloss; then the accusing, merciless eyes of Gabriel. At sight of him she started violently and an icy fear crept into her soul. Instinctively she searched the gorgeous company for the captain of the guard. Her staunchest ally was not there. Was she to hear the condemning words alone? Would the people do as Quinnox had prophesied, or would they believe Gabriel and curse her?

She sank into the great chair and sat with staring, helpless eyes, deserted and feeble.

The Song of the Sea.

From Peterson's "The Potter and the Clay." (Lothrop Publishing Co.)

So the days passed. He would climb up into the eyrie, as he had done as a child, and listen to the beating sea below. Once the sea had sung to him of undiscovered lands, whose shores it touched, bearing the message back to him; it had sung of wealth and fame gained by the sword—it was by the sword always—and it had beaten and beaten, and sung of all that he would one day like to be; and of what some day he would be and achieve. Once it had sung of love—of its mystery and the essence of its life—

Now—

He would crawl to the edge of the crag and peer over into the white foam, holding on to the edge until the old boyish dizziness came back; but unlike in the old days, there was never a woman's face in the foam! What right had he to look for a woman's face in the foam!

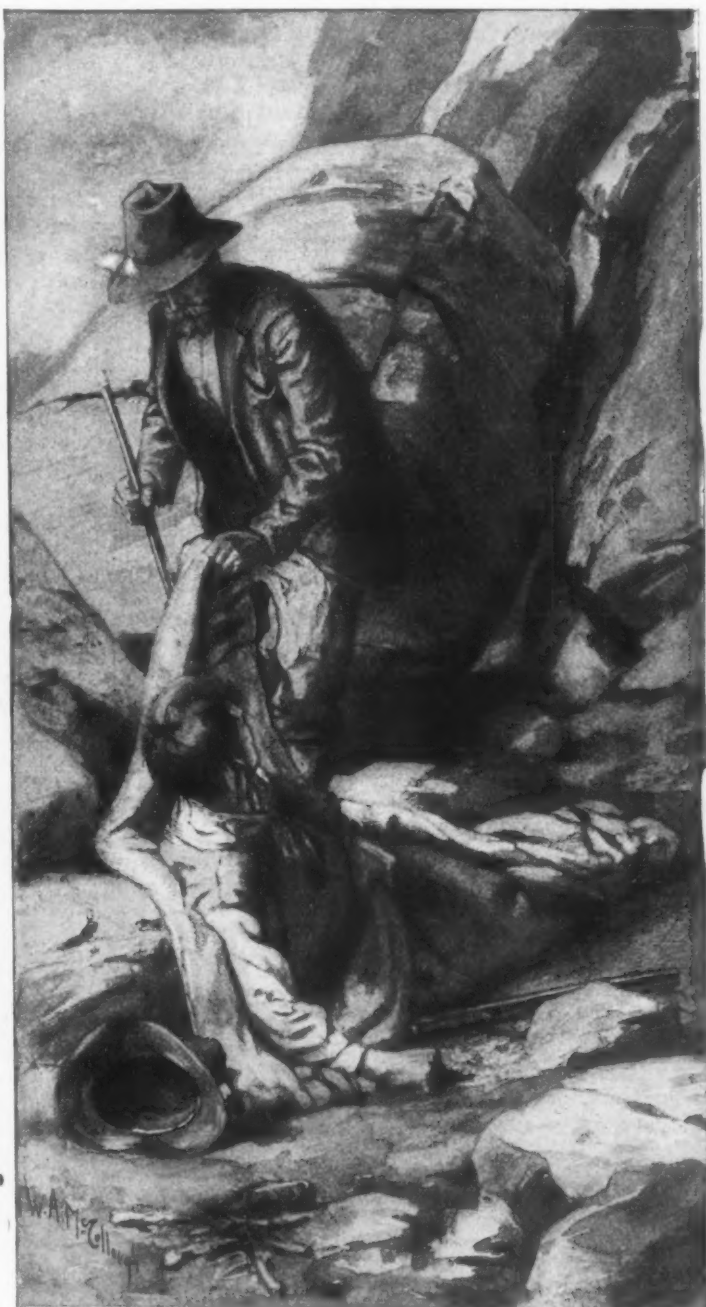
And the song of the sea was the song of death and dishonor. He might climb the crag to-day, and to-morrow, and every to-morrow of his life, and the song would not change. The sea was a vast organ; he could not change its tunes back to the old ones; he could not control it, and it went on, rolling out its fierce, deep music of dishonor.

And then he would leave the sea and the crags and go back into the empty house. The house was only a shade less bad; with its deserted rooms and its long gallery of dead and gone Campbells and Trevellyans.

He had wandered into the gallery once or twice. The faces on the canvases, grown indistinct with the years, seemed to look back at him without recognition that he was of their race and line. What claim had they on him or he on them? The men had been brave and the women fair—so the history and traditions of the house had said, even if the stiff painted figures and the severe painted faces often said otherwise—the men had always been in the front wherever they were needed for the defence of Scotland and her rights, and later they had defended England, too. If they had not fought for her with the sword they had with tongue or pen—if they had not been soldiers, they had been powers in the government or in the pulpit. Even the solemn-faced preacher near the big window at the furthest end of the gallery, when eloquence had failed, had left the old kirk to strike a blow for King Charlie. The women, too, had been brave—brave in the sacrifice of beauty and wealth for the upholding of Scot-

tish rights, and the renouncing of husbands and lovers and sons for Scotland.

At the other side of the gallery hung his father's race—the Trevellyans; and opposite the solemn-faced preacher, near to the window, where the sun struck it in the morning, was the picture of his mother. It had been taken of her in the first years of her marriage,



From "Camp Venture."

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"HE FELT A HAND PULLING AT HIS BLANKET."

soon after he had been born. People had said that, as a child, he had held his head proudly, like hers.

The grave, smiling eyes seemed to follow him as he turned hastily from the portrait. She had gloried in the traditions of her race: she had been proud—justly—of her line. He thanked God she was dead—that he might remember her as the portrait had painted her to be—on the flood tide of her love and her beauty and her strength.

Joyce.

From Marnan's "A Daughter of the Veldt." (Holt.)

"I CAN'T make out what you find in them clouds, Joyce, to stare at 'em like that so long."

"Dreams!" replied the girl addressed, without turning her head. There was a long pause, and then she gently added, as if to herself, "And promise of rest!"

It was the evening of the day following the Feast of the Annunciation, in the year 1894. All day a pitiless drive of rain had swept over the valley of N'hlabat, beating down the heavy heads of the mealie crops and Kaffir corn, till the red-tasselled ears were drenched and dragged. But in the afternoon, the great clouds rolling up, bank on bank, from the east of Amongalend, had sullenly passed on westward, leaving behind them the drifting incense of a grateful loam, and a wide expanse of soft clear sky. Westward, between the Execution Kraanz and the Baca Hills, the sun was sinking into terraced lawns of cloud, outlining the bluff peaks and barren ridges with vivid distinctness.

As the sun sank further down, its rays smote full on the head of the girl standing at the gate of the farmstead at N'hlabat, and lit the soft bronze shimmer of her hair to a sudden glow which deepened each moment, till she seemed framed in an aureole of living flame. The flush caught, too, the eyes and cheeks and lips, the whole poise and posture of face and form, lending to her, for the passing of a few moments, a radiance, unearthly, visionary.

The girl squatting near on a stump looked on her companion in dumb amazement, half comprehending, in a sullen dissatisfied way, that a great gulf lay between them. She had ever held Joyce's pale face, with its air of patient reserve, in something like contempt, finding more loveliness in her own dark eyes, strong white teeth, and laughing full lips. But now, gazing on her framed in that illuminating glow, a keen smarting resentment struck through her, vitalizing the seed of a bitter hate. She could not take her eyes off the other's face, and the picture of it burnt indelibly into her memory, making of the girl in front of her a new being, a creature of another world.

The strong supple figure, with its graceful, lithe sweep of contour; the rounded arms, the long, light hands supporting the chin; the full curve of the bosom, outlined into a mysterious delicacy she had never noticed before; the bare throat, perfect in its moulding, with its soft creamy coloring untouched by the glow; the face, oval, wistful, dreamy; the lips, usually so stern and unlaughing, parted now in a curve half-joyous, half-tenderly wondering, scarlet and smooth as a child's; the small ears, transparent in the light as pink sea-shells; the straight sensitive nose; the brow, broad, thoughtful, grave; the wealth of hair, lit to that wondrously lambent gold;—detail by detail, the whole picture forced itself upon the watching girl with a confused sense of revelation and resentment. Under a sudden impulse of curiosity she moved more forward, and peered up into Joyce's eyes. As

her gaze met them, she gave a little gasp, like the indrawn breath of one in pain; for in the great gray eyes of the girl was a light the other had never seen in eyes before, a light that electrified the whole face into a living loveliness.

You Shall Be Paid, Rascal.

From "My Lady of Orange." (Longmans, Green & Co.)

BEFORE me sat Ferdinando of Alva, the greatest soldier in Europe, who wielded the forces of the greatest power in the world, the Master of all the Netherlands save Breuthe town. And Breuthe town I had come to sell. Far away in Delft was William of Orange, who had trusted me to do him what good I could. Ay, there sat Alva, with his long, lean, fallow face frowning at me from two yards' distance, caressing his iron-gray beard with a thin, sinewy hand.

"Take away his sword," he said in a grating voice.

I laughed.

"Why, 'tis the Englishman, Newstead!" he cried. Then his thin lips parted, and he grinned like a wolf.

"Praise be to the Virgin!" he said. "Let him be burnt by a slow fire under their walls."

The lieutenant laid his hand on my shoulder.

"Bethink you!" I cried. "Dead I shall do you little good; alive I can do much."

Alva waved his hand.

"A slow fire!" he repeated.

The fat man—Chiapin Vitelli—bent over and whispered in his ear. I stood there waiting, the lieutenant's claw-hand still on my shoulder. *Cordieu!* I am no coward, but I do not wish to pass such minutes as those again. Then suddenly the grating voice broke out again:

"Why do you dare come here?" he said.

I started. I hardly knew what he said.

"Why do you dare come here?" he repeated angrily.

"I—I bring you an offer," I stammered.

Vitelli looked with an air of triumph at Alva.

"Ha! Breuthe will surrender? You will get no terms from me!"

"Breuthe will never surrender!" said I.

The wolf's look—it was never long absent—came back to Alva's face.

"Well, your offer, your offer?" said Vitelli quickly.

"I will open the gates to a party of your men."

"Ah!" Vitelli said, and he smiled, looking sideways at Alva.

"You may go," cried Alva to the lieutenant.

"Is that all?" he asked sharply, turning to me.

"The rest comes from you, sir," I answered coolly.

"With a pardon you will be well paid," he snarled.

"I should, of course, request that," I said.

"For yourself and your men," said Vitelli.

"They are good soldiers," I answered; "they would be more use alive."

"You want more?" Alva asked sharply. I bowed.

Albert was Left Alone with Telly.*From Munn's "Uncle Terry." (Lee & Shepard.)*

THE long ride in the crisp sea air, following the scanty railroad lunch, had given Albert a most amazing appetite, and the bountiful supper of stewed chicken and cold lobster, not to mention other good things of Aunt Lissy's providing, received a hearty acceptance. To have these people unaffectedly glad to see him, and so solicitous of his personal comfort, carried him back to his own home and mother of years before in a way that touched him. He felt himself among friends, and friends that were glad to see him and meant to show it. Although it was dark when supper was over, he could not resist going out

old man, and handing him a lamp he added, "ye know whar 'tis now, I hope, so make yer-self tew hum."

Later, when they were all gathered about the fire, both the "wimmin folks" with their sewing, and Uncle Terry enjoying one of the cigars Albert had brought him, the old man's face gleamed as genial as the firelight. It was a genuine treat to him to have this young man for company, and he showed it. He told stories of the sea, of storm and shipwreck, and curious experiences that had come to him during the many years he had dwelt beside the ocean; and while Albert listened, stealing occasional glances at the sweet-faced but plainly clad girl whose eyes were bent upon her sewing, the neighboring waves kept up



From "Uncle Terry."

Copyright, 1900, by Lee & Shepard.

THE OLD MILL.

on the rocks and listening a few minutes to the waves as they beat upon them. There was no moon, but the lighthouse gleam over his head faintly outlined the swells, as one by one they tossed their spray up to where he stood; back of him the welcome glow of Uncle Terry's home, and all around the wide ocean, dark and sombre. What a change from the busy hive of men he had left that morning! Only a brief space was he left to contemplate it, when he heard a voice just back of him saying:

"Here's yer coat, Mr. Page; the night's gittin' chilly, and ye better put it on 'fore ye ketch cold."

When the two returned to the house Albert found a bright fire burning in the sitting-room, and going to the entry way, where he had left his valise, to get a box of cigars for Uncle Terry, found that the valise had disappeared.

"I put yer things in yer room," said the

their monotone, and the fire sparkled and glowed with a ruddy light.

"Don't you ever get tired of hearing the waves beat so near you?" asked Albert at last.

"Wal, there's suthin' curious 'bout that," answered Uncle Terry; "I've got so uster 'em they seem sorter necessary ter livin', an' when I go 'way it's hard fer me ter sleep fer missin' 'em. Why, don't yer like ter hear 'em?" he added curiously.

"Oh, yes," replied Albert; "I enjoy them always, and they are a lullaby that puts me to sleep at once."

It was but little past nine when Uncle Terry arose, and bringing in a basket of wood observed, "I guess I'll turn in middlin' arly so's to git up arly'n pull my traps 'fore breakfast, an' then I'll take ye out fishin'. The mackerel's bitin' good these days, an' mebhe ye'll enjoy it."

Aunt Lissy soon followed and Albert was left alone with Telly.



From Lloyd's "Etidorhpa." Copyright, 1901, by Dodd, Mead & Co

ETIDORHPA.

Lady Anne Stafford.

From "Every Inch a King." (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

THEN the bishop turned and looked down upon the novice expectantly, and Anne, summoning all her strength to keep her voice firm and quiet, raised her head and distinctly repeated the formula in which maidens request admittance into the Franciscan Order. The bishop gazed upon her beautiful face with admiration and some wonder.

"Is it thy true desire to enter this sacred life and devote thyself to the service of God and man?" he asked, in his quavering voice.

"It is, reverend father," she answered bravely, but with lowered eyes.

"Dost thou swear that there is no reason why thou shouldst not be received?"

"I do so swear," breathed the voice faintly.

The bishop was not entirely convinced, yet the wealth and station of the lady caused him to put aside his scruples.

"Holy Mother in God," he said, addressing the abbess, "wilt thou receive this maiden into thy fold, and keep and guard her faithfully?"

Upon his words there sounded a crash as it might have been of thunder, or of metal ringing upon metal, but every eye was fixed upon the group before the altar, and every ear listened eagerly for the abbess's answer.

"I will receive her," she said, "and with my might will I guard and protect her from all harm or dishonor."

Again sounded the crash, followed by a confused uproar, in a distant part of the cloister, but the nuns were too intent upon the scene before them to give heed. The bishop gazed upon the kneeling maiden.

"Rise, daughter," he commanded, "thou shalt be received. Withdraw and put upon thee the habit of the Order of St. Clare; then come before me to make thy solemn and perpetual vow to live a life of poverty, chastity and obedience."

Anne rose to her feet, but even as Elizabeth and her companion came forward to lead her away, the doors of the chapel were thrown violently open, a loud voice cried, "Hold, in the name of the King!" and six men, three of them muffled in great riding cloaks, so that even their faces were hidden, and three in the uniform of the King's guards, advanced into the chapel. The frightened nuns ran screaming to either side, huddling together as if for mutual protection, some sobbing and one or two fainting with terror. Anne shrank back against the wall and the bishop and his priests stood amazed and dumb. The abbess alone kept her self-possession. "Peace, ye fools," she cried to the nuns, then sternly addressing the men who rapidly advanced, "What means this intrusion, sirrahs, into the holy precincts of the Church?"

The three foremost men came forward, the men-at-arms remaining near the entrance. Receiving no answer, the abbess again cried out to them to leave the chapel. "Have ye no respect for God? This ground is sacred—even the King's men have no right upon it!"

Without answering, the three continued to advance until they had reached the altar. Then one of them quickly stepped to where Anne Stafford stood, trembling and terrified, and whispered in her ear, "Fear not, fair lady, wilt thou go with me?"

She started at the voice, and uttered a glad cry of assent.

Aaron Burr.

Preface to Pidgin's "Blennerhassett." (C. M. Clark Publishing Co.)

For a hundred years one of the most remarkable of Americans has borne a weight of obloquy and calumny such as has been heaped upon no other man, and, unlike any other man, during his lifetime he never by voice or pen made answer to charges made against him, or presented either to friends or foes any argument or evidence to refute them.

The American public makes idols of its great men; but when from any cause those great men fall from their high estates, the American public has no mercy for its fallen heroes.

I will not speak longer in general terms, of uncertain application, but declare at once that the remarkable man I have in mind is Aaron Burr; a man who fought bravely to secure the independence of the colonies; a man who rose to the highest position at the bar, and who was offered a seat upon the bench; a man who was elected to the highest position in the gift of the American people, and who filled the second place with a dignity and grace that have never been equalled; a man who revenged the wrongs inflicted upon him, during a period of thirty years, on the fatal field of Weehauken; a man who contemplated a conquest, and who was tried for high

treason by the members of the party which afterwards carried out exactly the programme of conquest that he had outlined; a man who bore his downfall with patience and dignity; a man whom neither political persecution, nor poverty, nor the perfidy of his friends could force to speak one word of recrimination or complaint; a man who bore the loss of daughter and grandson, the dearest ties that bound him to the human race, with resignation; a man who for twenty-five years thereafter toiled on without complaint to supply the means for an humble living; a man who, although he killed his foe according to the code of honor then in force, has been called either assassin or murderer by the makers of school books, thus instilling into infant minds a prejudice which only research and study in after years could effectually remove.

For twenty years I have read about this man. There is no American about whom so much has been written, and within the pages of a book like this I can only hope to incorporate its spirit, for the substance would fill volumes. Where the statement was one of fact, fact has been adhered to. Where the language is imaginative such words have been chosen to express fiction as seemed to conform to those used to convey fact; in other

words, if the characters in this romance did not do the things nor say the words attributed to them, from what they did say or do, it seems fair and proper to infer that they would have done or said them had occasion offered, or circumstances been propitious.

The men of America to-day are more tolerant, broader-minded, and less bigoted in their politics than they were a century ago. My aim has been to present Aaron Burr as he was a hundred years ago, and to ask that he be judged by the rules of order and society then existing, but by minds free from the intolerant political and religious prejudices which blinded the eyes and warped the judgments of his contemporaneous critics.

The diamond gives no indication of its worth until it has been ground and polished and set in a manner worthy of its value. It may have happened in the past that some of our public men have been placed in settings worthy of a richer jewel, but this surely has not been the case with Aaron Burr. If my labors of twenty years should place him before his fellow-citizens in a better light, if, while regretting and condemning his faults, they obtain a fuller and more truthful idea of his virtues, accomplishments, and powers, I shall feel amply rewarded.



From "Quincy Adams Sawyer."

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MANDY AND HIRAM.

Young People Nowadays.

From Anthony's "A Victim of Circumstances."
(Harper.)

MADAM TREVOR felt called upon to rebuke his unfilial grin. "Young people nowadays lack grace even to assume a decent consideration for their elders," she said. "The last generation ridiculed us behind our backs, but now it is done before our very eyes."

Bobby balanced himself on the railing, and took the field joyously. "I was just saying behind your back that to make this house an ideal place to drop in of an afternoon, you ought to have tea at five o'clock. Everybody else does it, and I expect it, and get a *gone* feeling about that time, you know."

"I don't doubt that your mother would allow you to have it," said Madam Trevor. "She seems to humor you in all your vagaries. For my own part, it seems an excellent way of spoiling one's dinner. I never approve of eating between meals."

"But I want it here where the girls are," said Mr. Floyd. "Bless you, it won't spoil my appetite."

"Your appetite is not what concerns me," said the magnate. "I don't want all the young people in the neighborhood trapesing over my lawns and tracking dirt on to my piazzas, a great slop and waste of good tea and cake, and every one late for dinner. Why must you be forever putting notions into the children's heads? Only this morning I found a sticky glass on the library table, in which some one had been dissolving my cut loaf-sugar in water, but so stiff that a spoon would stand in it; and when I questioned James he admitted that he had learned the wasteful trick from you. You all munch sweets from morning till night, without regard for your teeth or digestions—French candies, animal crackers, soda-water! In my day young people contented themselves with a moderate quantity of simple, wholesome fare. They didn't demand made dishes and entrées. At Marjorie's age I could have bought all my frocks for the money you fritter away in poisonous trash; but, for that matter, my clothes lasted much longer than yours, for I never was a harum-scarum tomboy. I obeyed my parents, did my own needlework, and comported myself as a well-born young woman should. Your lawlessness comes from the Trevor side, not from the Van Rensselaers."

"Oh, well, you know," said Mr. Floyd, argumentatively, "in those days women laced until they had no room inside them for a good square meal. They wore paper-soled shoes on the street, and thought it vulgar to look healthy, and the height of every well-regulated young woman's ambition was to have an unhappy love affair and go into a decline. We are more sensible nowadays."

Madam Trevor sniffed, and made no reply. She had been beguiled into an argument, and, as she seldom condescended to discussion, Mr. Floyd's fingers already clutched the victor's palm. "You can have the table in the north corner of the piazza," he said, airily, "and then the prevailing winds will blow the alcohol lamp away from the house. We'll have some of that chocolate cake we had the other day for luncheon, and little round plum-cakes, and——"

Madam Trevor raised her hand, and transfixed him with an awful glance. "When I am in my dotage, Robert, I may place my family and affairs in your hands," she said, "but for the present I hope to continue mistress in my own house. I wish you a pleasant walk home."

I Knewed 'at Ye'd Come.

From Maurice Thompson's "Milly." (New Amsterdam Book Co.)

"I KNEWED 'at ye'd come," Milly said, "fur I dremp last night 'at ye was dead an' 'at's a sign, ye know."

Her face, upturned to his, caught from the faint moonlight, or from some other heavenly reflection, a gleam of peaceful happiness that added something which Reynolds never before had seen there, or if ever he had seen it, it was when, a mere child, she had so faithfully hung over him and tended him through a long and almost fatal illness. The memory of her untiring patience and gentleness, her quick sense of his needs and her silent but evidently deep joy at his final recovery, now suddenly rushed upon him.

"I've ben a wushin' ye'd come an' I'm so glad!" she murmured, as she opened the gate for him. "Hit air so lonesome when ye'r away."

Her lithe, plump figure was clothed in a clinging gown of cotton stuff and a white kerchief was pinned about her throat. Down over her shoulders in a long, rather thin brush fell her rimpled pale yellow hair. Her cheeks glowed and her lips had on them the dew of innocent and, alas, ignorant maidenhood. A flash of recognition leaped into the mind of Reynolds, though he was scarcely conscious of it, and Milly White's strange beauty was no longer invisible to him.

"Ye ortn't to stay away so long," she added, not in rebuke, but in a low, quavering voice like that of some happy bird. Her mountain dialect, crabbed as it appears in writing, added emphasis to the fresh, half wild tenderness of her tones.

All around the woods and little broken fields were dim and silent. The warm southern stars burned overhead and the fitful balmy air crept past with furtive whispers. The moon slipped down behind the mountain, leaving on the peak a delicate wavering ghost that slowly vanished into the common haze of the night. Reynolds paused in the little gateway and looked down into Milly's lifted shining face. In that instant a tender feeling, a subtle sense of some obscure but immediate draught upon the inner sources of his passionate nature, took complete possession of him. The touching sweetness of her face, the wild grace of her form, and that charming expression of strength and development, impressed him. He forgot the cabin, the pinched and sapless mountain life and all its empty hopelessness. For the time he saw nothing but Milly as his over-stimulated imagination lighted her face and form with the allurements of irresistible beauty. He stooped, and, swiftly folding her in his arms, kissed her passionately.

"Oh!" she cried, her voice slipping with sharp sweetness away through the dusky woods. It was like the quick musical chirp of a glad bird.



From "A Daughter of New France."

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"THE CANOES WERE ALMOST THERE."

A Birthnight Ball.

From Mrs. Goodwin's "Sir Christopher." (Little, Brown & Co.)

IN truth, to one little maid it did seem as though the dancing would never begin. What was the fun of having men struggle for the privilege of talking with her? Old ladies could talk. She could talk better at forty-eight than at eighteen; but to *dance*, to sway to the music, and feel the blood keeping time as it swept along; to promenade down the hall with all eyes fixed upon one; to wheel the gallants in the reel and feel the lingering pressure of fingers reluctant to let go their transient grasp; to feel the light of the candles reflected in one's eyes and the perfume of roses caught in her breath; to live and move and reign the princess of love—this was the glorious privilege of youth and womanhood, the guerdon which kind Fate in atonement for many hard blows had flung at the feet of Peggy Neville.

At last the march began—Sir William and Mistress Huntoon leading, the master of the house following with Lady Berkeley; and when Romney held out his hand to Peggy, she was glad to be alive. As she looked down at her gown she experienced that satisfaction which the young knights of old knew in donning their maiden armor, for is not dress the armor of the social battle?

Never in her short life of eighteen years had Peggy Neville looked as lovely as she did to-night. Never had her eyes been so bright, never her cheeks so red, never had Romney felt himself so helplessly her slave, and, alas! the poor boy thought, never had she looked so indifferently upon him.

It would not perhaps have encouraged the lad to know that instead of thinking of him

with indifference, she simply was not thinking of him at all, her entire attention being fixed upon the scene around her and the actors in it. Such beautiful girls, in their jewels and laces and brocades and high-heeled slippers! Such magnificent men, with rainbow colors in sashes and velvet coats, with ruffles of costly embroideries and buckles reflecting the light of the candles! Most gorgeous of all, Sir William Berkeley!

It quite took Peggy's breath away when this elegant courtier bowed before her and begged her hand for the pavan. Yet there he was, sweeping the floor before her with the white plumes of his hat and craving the honor of the dance. Whatever might be thought of Sir William's powers of governing, there could be no doubt that he understood the art of dancing, and, final test of skill, of making his partner dance well. Holding the tips of Peggy's fingers lightly, but firmly, he led her to the head of the hall, where the host and hostess stood. These they saluted gravely, she with a deep courtesy, he with an equally deep bow, his hat clasped to his heart. Then sweeping down the room they paused again before the portrait of the King, and Berkeley saluted with his sword; then on again, the hautboys keeping time while the company marked the rhythm by singing together, after the fashion introduced by Queen Henrietta's French courtiers—"Belle qui tient ma vie captive."

At the end of the measure, the advance being ended, the retreat began, the Governor walking behind and leading his partner backward, always with delicately held finger-tips, the raised arm and rounded wrist showing every graceful curve as the girl walked.

"Where did she learn it," wondered Romney, "and she never at Court?"

Theories Wise and Otherwise.

From Barbour's "That Mainwaring Affair." (Lippincott.)

"WELL, my friend, what do you know?" inquired the detective, while he watched the delicate spirals of blue smoke as they diffused themselves in the golden haze of the sunlight.

"Just what I was about to ask you," said his companion.

"Oh, time enough for that later. You have been looking into this case, and, as you are a born detective, I naturally would like to compare notes with you."

Mr. Whitney glanced sharply at the detective, as though suspicious of some sarcasm lurking in those words, but the serious face of the latter reassured him, and he replied,—

"Well, I've not had much experience in that line, but I've made quite a study of character, and can tell pretty correctly what a person of such and such evident characteristics will do under such and such conditions. As I have already stated to you, I know, both from observation and from hints dropped by Hugh Mainwaring, that if ever a dangerous woman existed,—artful, designing, absolutely devoid of the first principles of truth, honor, or virtue,—that woman is Mrs. LaGrange. I know that Mainwaring stood in fear of her to a certain extent, and that she was constantly seeking, by threats, to compel him to either marry her or secure the property to her and her son; and I also know that he was anxious to have the will drawn in favor of his namesake as quickly and as secretly as possible.

"Now, knowing all these circumstances, what is more reasonable than to suppose that she, learning in some way of his intentions, would resort to desperate measures to thwart them? Her first impulse would be to destroy the will; then to make one final effort to bring him, by threats, to her terms, and, failing in that, her fury would know no bounds. Now, what does she do? Sends for Hobson, the one man whom Hugh Mainwaring feared, who knew his secret and stood ready to betray it. Between them the plot was formed. They have another interview in the evening, to which Hobson brings one of his coadjutors, the two coming by different ways like the vile conspirators they were, and in all probability, when Hugh Mainwaring bade his guests good-night, every detail of his death was planned and ready to be carried into execution in the event of his refusing to comply with that woman's demands made by herself, personally, and later, through Hobson. We know, from the darkey's testimony, that Hobson and his companion appeared in the doorway together; that the man suddenly vanished—probably concealing himself in the shrubbery—as Hobson went back into the house; that a few moments later, the latter reappeared with Mrs. LaGrange; and the darkey tells me that he, supposing all was right, slunk away in the bushes and left them standing there. We know that the valet, going up stairs a while after, found Mrs. LaGrange in the private library, and at the same time detected the smell of burning paper. You found the burnt fragments of the will in the grate in the tower-room."

"Now, to my mind, it is perfectly clear that Mrs. LaGrange and Hobson proceeded together to the library and tower-room, where they first destroyed the will, and where she secreted him to await the result of her interview with Mainwaring, at the same time providing him with the private keys by which he could effect his escape, and with Hugh Mainwaring's own revolver with which the terrible deed was done. Later, finding that Mainwaring would not accede to her demands, I believe she left that room knowing to a certainty what his fate would be in case Hobson could not succeed in making terms with him, and I believe her object in coming down the corridor afterwards was simply to ascertain that her plans were being carried into execution. Now there is my theory of this whole affair; what do you think of it?"

"Very ingeniously put together."

It Is Peculiar—This.

From Ellis's "The Bondwoman." (Rand, McNally & Co.)

"OH, yes; she may read my palm, it is all a jest, of course."

The Egyptian held the man's hand at which she had not yet glanced. She took the hand of the Marquise.

"Pardon, Madame, it is no jest, it is a science," she said briefly, and holding their hands, glanced from one to the other.

"Firm hands, strong hands, both," she said, and then bent over that of the Marquise; as she did so the expression of casual interest faded from her face; she slowly lifted her head and met the gaze of the owner.

"Well, well? Am I to commit murders?" she asked; but her smile was an uneasy one; the gaze of the Egyptian made her shrink.

"Not with your own hand," said the woman, slowly studying the well-marked palm; "but you will live for awhile surrounded by death and danger. You will hate, and suffer for the hate you feel. You will love, and die for the love you will not take—you—"

But the Marquise drew her hand away petulantly.

"Oh! I am to die of love, then?—I!" and her light laugh was disdainful. "That is quite enough of the fates for one evening;" she regarded the pink palm doubtfully. "See, Monsieur, it does not look so terrible; yet it contains all those horrors."

"Naturally it would not contain them," said the Egyptian. "You will force yourself to meet what you call the horrors. You will sacrifice yourself. You will meet the worst—as the women of '93 ascended the guillotine—laughing."

"Ah, what pictures! Monsieur, I wish you a better fortune."

"Than to die of love?" he asked, and met her eyes; "that were easier than to live without it."

"Chut!—you speak like the cavalier of a romance."

"I feel like one," he confessed, "and it rests on your mercy whether the romance has a happy ending."

She flashed one admonishing glance at him

and towards the woman who bent over his hand.

"Oh, she does not comprehend the English," he assured her; "and if she does she will only hear the echo of what she reads in my hand."

"Proceed," said the Marquise to the Egyptian, "we wait to hear the list of Monsieur's romances."

"You will live by the sword, but not die by the sword," said the woman. "You will have one great passion in your life. Twice the woman will come in your path. The first time you will cross the seas to her, the second time she comes to you—and—ah!—"

She reached again for the hand of the Marquise and compared them. The two young people looked, not at her, but at each other.

In the eyes of the Marquise was a certain petulant rebellion, and in his the appealing, the assuring, the ardent gaze that met and answered her.

"It is peculiar—this," continued the woman. "I have never seen anything like it before; the same mark, the same, Mademoiselle, Monsieur; you will each know tragedies in your experience, and the lives are linked together."

"No!"—and again the Marquise drew her hand away. "It is no longer amusing," she remarked in English, "when those people think it their duty to pair couples off like animals in the ark."

In the Underworld.

From Babcock's "The Tower of Wye." (Coates.)

My brain was in a fine daze, be sure; yet not so but that I could see his words coming true very strangely before me. For one of the

great pictured entablatures—bearing a moon-faced man and a thing on stilts that went before him—did swing outward like any door, though silently. And lo! in that portal the jutting of horns and weapons, the dusk of she-forms a-glimmer, the glint of peering eyes, the eager out-crowding of malignant beauty! Round me came the rout, round and round me sweeping, antlered in more ways than stag hath ever dreamed of, birth-bare—if ever birth had they—but for girdle-flutter of vine-leaves and otter fur adangle, and preposterous bewilderment of color. One bore a weapon which I lack words for, it being angled and splintery most like a broken dragon-wing; another a living mace, with eyes a-stare and lip corners drawn as by torment; and yet another a beaker of opaline enchasement, frothing over with some poison portion of blood.

The foam-white loose rocks of the cavern-floor went flying like play-balls over head from hand to hand. All uptossing devices of savagery and wizardry and devilry were in that whirl. Changeful were the forms and features, mocking in allurements, blasting in threatfulness, but ever with that frightful beauty. Furthermore the eyes were unchanging, and as one with them all; not green I should say, nor indeed of any tint, but rather a steel fire with no flame, a blight for the marrow and the blood. And the terror beyond terror was in this, that with all their swirling and melting I knew them from of old every one, even so surely as they knew and did welcome me.

I had not thought to have harbored so much that was ill; nor dreamed in what multitudinous variety our sins, passing and half-forgotten, may yet dwell with us.



From "In Search of Mademoiselle."

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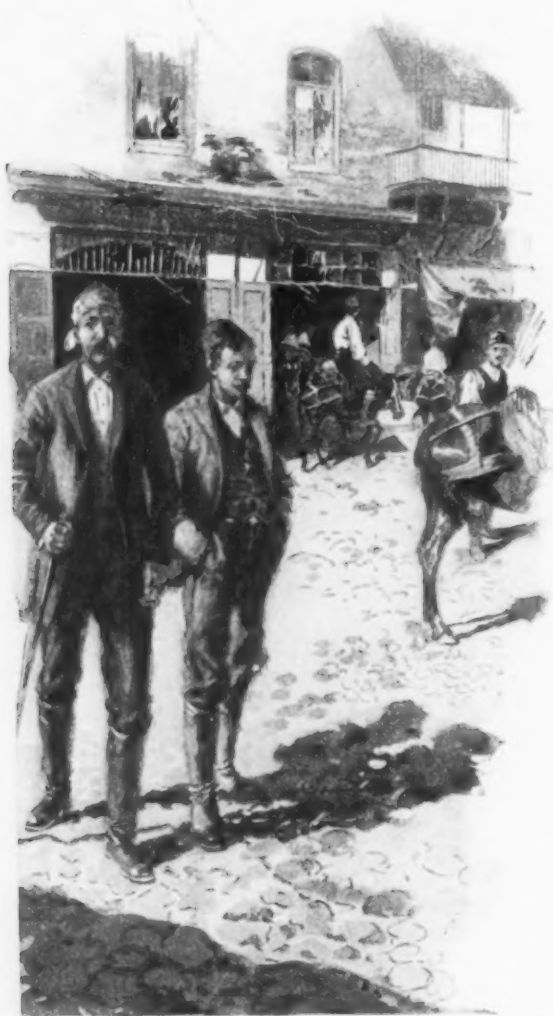
"QUICK AS HE WAS, MY HAND WAS EVER QUICKER."

All Soldiers Are Brave.

From "Blue Shirt and Khaki." (Silver, Burdett & Co.)

No honor is too great to render to the men who go out to fight, whether they be regulars or volunteers. The wage they receive would not pay any man at home to undertake half so hazardous a task. Within two years I have had the opportunity of seeing the work of four different armies in the field, fighting for what they thought was right. Among those four—Spaniards, British, Boers, and Americans—can be found a curious variety of methods of warfare, and there is much that has never been told.

The common soldiers of every land are brave; it is but a question of leaders, methods, and numbers that decides which will be victorious; for losing or winning, they show much the same valor. Nothing could be more magnificent, nor reflect more credit on the men of Spain, than the manner in which they met defeat at El Caney, at Santiago, and on the seas in the conflicts with Sampson and Dewey. They went down in defeat in a way that won the admiration of every soldier and sailor in the American army and navy; they were brave, dignified, and courteous at all times, even the rank and file.



From "Like Another Helen." Copyright, 1901, by Bowen-Merrill Co.

"HAD THEY ENTERED ANY OTHER TOWN IN THE WORLD, THEIR GROTESQUE APPEARANCE WOULD HAVE EXCITED ATTENTION."

The fighting methods of the Boers and the Americans are very similar, and if the Boers were trained in military tactics their military character would be almost identical with that of our troops. They possess the same natural instinct of a hunter to keep under cover that our men have, and their methods during an advance are the same. The British army has just taken its first lesson in this sort of work, and although it has been a costly one, it will pay in the end; and it is England's great good fortune that she did not have a powerful European foe for a tutor, instead of the two little republics whose entire male population would not make a good-sized army corps.

Rebellion Against the Crown.

From "The Puppet Crown." (Bowen-Merrill Co.)

"HAVE we no rights as students? Must we give way to a handful of beggarly mercenaries? Must we submit to the outlawing of our customs and observances? What! We must not parade because the king does not like to be disturbed! And who are the cuirassiers?" Nobody answered. Nobody was expected to answer. "They are Frenchmen of hated memory—Swiss, Prussians, with Austrian officers. Are we or are we not an independent state? If independent, shall we stand by and see our personal liberties restricted? No! I say no!"

"Let us petition to oust these vampires, who not only rob us of our innocent amusements, but who are fed by our taxes. What right had Austria to dictate our politics? What right had she to disavow the blood and give us these Osians? O, my brothers, where are the days of Albrecht III. of glorious memory? He acknowledged our rights. He was our lawful sovereign. He understood and loved us." This burst of sentiment was slightly exaggerative, if the history of that monarch is to be relied on; but the audience was mightily pleased with this recollection. It served to add to their distemper and wrath against the Osian puppet. "And where are our own soldiers, the soldiers of the kingdom? Moldering away in the barracks, unnoticed and forgotten. For the first time in the history of the country foreigners patrol the palaces. Our soldiers are nobodies. They hold no office at court save that of Marshal, and his voice is naught. Yet the brunt of the soldier's life falls on them. They watch at the frontiers, tireless and vigilant, while the mercenaries riot and play. Brothers, the time has come for us to act. The army is with us, and so are the citizens. Let ours be the glory of touching the match. We are brave and competent. We are drilled. We lack not courage. Let us secretly arm and watch for the opportunity to strike a blow for our rights. Confusion to the Osians, and may the duchess soon come into her own!"

He jumped from the stage and another took his place; the haranguing went on. The orators were serious and earnest; they believed themselves to be patriots, pure and simple, when in truth they were experiencing the same spirit of revolt as the boy whose mother had whipped him for making an unnecessary noise, or stealing into the buttery.

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Was He a Doctor?*From "Ralph Marlowe." (The Saalfield Publishing Co.)*

FOR some time Dr. Barwood sat shaking his head and pondering deeply. He frowned—and anon he smiled. At last he muttered huskily:

"I love the child dearly—and she loves me. I understand her better than I understand her mother and sister; and she understands me better than they do. It has been so since she was a little thing—since she could barely toddle after me. A child—yet a woman! I can hardly realize it. She trusts in me; I must watch over her. He has won her affection—I can see it—as he has won mine; and with out apparent effort. Who is he—what is he? I wish I knew. I *must* know—soon. The idea of my permitting him to prescribe for me! I believe I am growing childish."

Frowning and smiling by turns, he sat gazing into the depths of the fire. Occasionally his lips moved; and he nodded his head approvingly.

"You are to remain here," Marlowe, on his return to the drugstore, remarked to Tucker. "I am going out to make some calls for the doctor."

The imperturbable Jep was for the once rudely lifted out of his normal state of chronic placidity. He was surprised—thoroughly surprised. His dropped jaw and lifted brows showed it, as he smoothed his stubby mustache with his knotty forefinger and ejaculated:

"Huh?"

"You heard what I said," Marlowe answered coolly, filling his pockets with sundry articles he had placed upon the counter.

"Goin' out to make calls fer the ol' doc?" Jep murmured gaspingly.

Ralph merely nodded as he went on with his preparations for departure.

"Well, I'll—be—everlastin'ly—doggoned!" Tucker muttered—and lapsed into silence.

The latter state was abnormal, however, and therefore of brief duration.

"Say!" he exclaimed.

"What is it?" Marlowe inquired, starting for the door.

*Courtesy of The Saalfield Pub. Co.***JAMES BALL NAYLOR,***Author of "Ralph Marlowe."*

"W'y, you ain't no doctor."

"No?"

"No, you ain't—are you?"

"You say I am not."

"Well, what do *you* say?"

"I say for you to maintain your opinion, no matter what you may hear to the contrary."

Then the door closed behind the younger man; and the older was left alone with his thoughts.

Jep pinched himself to discover if he were asleep or awake. Having satisfied himself upon that important point, he arose; and dragging his feet up and down the long room, whispered to the four walls:

"Goin' out to make calls fer the ol' doc! Well, don't that beat anything you ever heerd of? Of course he must be a doctor, then. But he wouldn't say so. An' why? I tried to ketch him; but he was too slick for me—slicker 'n a greased pig at a county fair. Ther's some mystery 'bout that young man. But he's a mighty nice feller; an' I like him. He makes friends with ev'rybody, without tryin'. The way he does it puts me in mind o' that ol' buckwheat straw story. I mustn't fergit to tell that one to him sometime. Ev'rybody's talkin' 'bout the way he managed things down to Jim Crawford's that night—an' callin' him a doctor. Wher' ther's so much smoke ther' must be a little fire. Ther's nothin' fer me to do, though, but wait an' see. No matter what comes of it all, I'll stick to him like clay mud to a cowhide boot. I like the young feller."

Barrie Remains an Artist.

From Hammerton's "J. M. Barrie and His Books."
(M. F. Mansfield & Co.)

ONE of the evils of the modern fever for "discovering" new authors is the strong temptation to make his hay while the sun shines which it presents to the young writer suddenly acclaimed. It would almost seem that every gentleman who fills the rôle of critic to any paper of standing has made up his mind that the next best thing to being a great author himself is to play the prophet to some unknown scribbler in whom he has discerned the germ of genius. As a result one is appalled to think how many geniuses are so proclaimed each year. It would be no difficult matter to name twenty or thirty men and women who have been ranked one morning with Thackeray, Dickens, or even Sir Walter Scott; pestered the next with demands from publishers for their new books, which, reviewed a few months later, are dismissed as "not justifying the high expectations held out by the author's first work," and then the genius retires to the chill obscurity from which, to fill a critic's yawning columns, he or she has been ruthlessly dragged forth. It is the brutal commercialism of the publishing business that is to blame, as much as the injudicious and perfervid critic. The reason why so many second books fall short of the promise which the first one bears is simply because the newly-found author, anxious to get as much money as he can when his little "boom" is booming, falls back on some of his juvenile trash which has escaped the flames, and it is quickly bought at a high price by some speculative publisher who, a few months ago, wouldn't have wasted his precious time looking at any of the same writer's "stuff."

Now it is just here than one can't help admiring Mr. J. N. Barrie—even those who think his reputation exaggerated cannot but confess the man an artist to his finger tips. The only book of his representing early work which he put on the literary market after having made a very distinct advance up the ladder of fame was "My Lady Nicotine," and this was so largely rewritten that it practically became a new work. Even so, it is doubtful if it would ever have appeared but for the fact that unscrupulous scribblers had laid claim to the chapters of which it consisted while the bones of these were still buried in the pages of the *St. James Gazette*. If Barrie had the slightest commercialism in his nature, he could at the cost of a few evening's work place on the market at least three more books composed of newspaper reprints whose sales would bring him in thousands of pounds. But he is too much of an artist to succumb to this vulgar temptation. I have heard it said he must be a lazy beggar to let years pass without producing a new book; but I prefer to think my view of his character is correct. He has shown from the very outset of his surprising career that his single aim as an author is to do the best that is in him, to be known and judged by his worthiest work. This ought to be the ambition of every true artist.

A Splendid Pageant.

From Savage's "The King's Secret." (The Home Pub. Co.)

THE Riddarhuset was brilliantly illuminated, with its proud escutcheons shining down from storied walls, and it sheltered the companions of the Seraphim, bidden to attend their solemn consistory, to welcome a new knight into the proud band dating back to 1748, before the rise of that human meteor, Napoleon Bonaparte. They were the chosen chivalry of Sweden, a brave land's human bulwarks!

The wild flourishes of the martial music, at the chief guardhouse, announced the arrival of ambassadors, princes, and all the chief ones of the realms.

Within, every room was open to the assembled court. Beauty and bravery, youth and life, beamed out in the Life Guards' saloon, the concert-room, with its softly breathing orchestra, and the audience-room listened to Love's timidly whispered secrets.

In the red saloon the blue-eyed patrician youth of Sweden gazed in awe at the pictured panorama of the life wanderings of that fearless northern star, Charles XII., who "left the name at which a world grew pale, to point a moral and adorn a tale!"

The grand gallery was filled with haughty nobles and their dames, marshalled by crowds of obsequious palace attendants.

War and Peace frowned and smiled down from Fouquet's superb ceiling, in the hall, where "all went merry as a marriage bell."

In the Privy Council rooms, the imperial hall, even in the palace chapel, hundreds lived over the glories of the past, while rosebud loveliness had already peeped at the splendors of the gold, silver and crystal of the superb White Sea banquet-room, where a company of living statues, in full mediæval armor, watched over the treasury of the royal tables.

To-night the king banqueted here, before his court, with the robed companions of the Seraphim, at a table round, while the queen presided over the general banquet of the flower of Sweden, before their august rulers.

It was midnight when the crash of the royal anthem announced the procession of the Knights of the Seraphim.

Pale, but self-contained, the Count Lassen, seated next to his monarch, turned his head to where the loveliness of Countess Christine Storm shone out beside Sweden's queen.

The young beauty's eyes fell before the exploring gaze of the man in whose honor all this superb pageant was ordained.

Christine, swept away by the magnificence of the scene, dropped her glances in confusion.

When the last toast had rung through the vaulted halls, the Grand Chamberlain marshalled the feasters to the ball-room, with its crystal and silver lustres, its superb arched walls, its gorgeous ceilings, adorned with masterly frescoes.

And in the royal quadrille, where the mighty count was honored by his sovereign, men sighed and women smiled as the Countess Christine wore upon her snowy bosom the collar of the Seraphim, as a mute election to the throne of Love and Beauty!

Racin' a Horse for a Ghost.

From Sherlock's "Your Uncle Lew." (Stokes.)

STILL the talent of the track wondered why entrance money should be wasted on a horse that never showed signs of being able to head the pack. Then Dunbar would give the ostensible reason.

"You see," he said, "I'm a resid-u-ary legatee horseman. Crazy Jane's part of an estate which I'm administerin' for a dead friend."

This was the new fiction he had invented.

how it goes agin my grain, but I'm makin' as good a bluff's a man of my re-ligious trainin' can. As for the leetle mare, I don't mind sayin' she kinder takes my eye, and I may become a sport before I know it. I know she can't win, but she can jig along some, and just to keep faith with my dead friend I put up a leetle money on her now and then. If he was on earth he'd bet his bottom dollar, for he was game through and through. I'm doin' by him as I'd be done by. Hear me!"



From "Prince Rupert."

Copyright, 1901, by F. A. Stokes Co.

"A MAN OF IRON AND A MIGHTY SHOOTER."

The dream theory with which he had regaled the curious in Salina had been abandoned.

"You can't go back on a dead friend," he continued. "My friend, who didn't know any more 'bout horses'n an angel in heaven knows about fried eggs, thought he'd a good one in Crazy Jane, but he went and kicked the bucket before he had a chance to race the mare. So in his will, makin' me the custodian of all his worldly goods, Crazy Jane was turned over to me, with the re-quest of a dyin' man to prove he hadn't made no mistake. It was a sacred trust, you see, and that's how I'm on the race-track instead of attendin' to my le-gitimate business as the or-ganist of the village church. You can see

Around the tables of his eating-house or the desk at the Salina House this whimsical explanation of Dunbar's latest exploit would have been taken at its true worth. There may have been those in stranger company who recognised this picture of a friend's devotion as a fancy sketch.

"Why did I enter Crazy Jane in a fast class?" Dunbar had said, repeating an obvious question. "Be-cause I wanted to be through with my duty to my dead friend as soon's possible. You understand if he'd lived he'd have started the mare in the forties 'stead of the eighteen class, where I put her. He'd have carried her through five or six seasons, tryin' out the fat in her. He thought, poor

soul, she could step off in 2:18 or better, and would have stuck to it till she did, or he went up Salt River. Now, I'm givin' the nag a whirl in fast company for a go-in, and as she can't win, why I can think at the end of the season, jest as my dead friend did, that Crazy Jane's good for 2:18. If she ain't timed I can believe anything I like. At the end of this season I'll re-tire the mare from the track and call her the queen of the turf. If she can't make better'n 2:40 I won't know it, and what a man don't know won't hurt him. It costs like sin, this racin' a horse for a ghost, but I'm not the man to go back on a dead friend."

Dumb Intimacies.

From Mowbray's "A Journey to Nature." (Double-day, Page & Co.)

ABOUT five minutes' walk from our cabin was the Cluny Milldam, a very ragged and weedy barrier across a little river, which it had broadened into about an acre of sweet water ten feet deep at the spillway, and shallowing off to a thin pond at the upper end that died out into a bit of wet meadow. The banks for the greater part of the way were green and lush, and willows and dogwood screened them nicely. Such little artificial lakes are common enough all over our country. They are never kept in repair, but are suffered to grow rank and picturesque and always have an old mill, long deserted, at one end of the dam.

There was undoubtedly some kind of unsuspected magic in the place, now that I think of it. The old dam was like an orchestra of oboes and flutes, to which the little raceway added a chorus of its own, and somehow the element itself had the air and the ingenuousness of youth not yet grown lusty and rank and boisterous. All we had to do was to accept its limpid invitation, and it covered us with cool kisses in which there was a breath of mint and calamus. To catch water in its pudicity, before it has grown salacious and turbulent and put on the hoary airs of the ocean, is a rare delight. It is like establishing an understanding with a dog or going down into the nursery to rest your soul with a bit of "who's got the button?" If you have only known water at the seashore, in its acrid puissance, when it is like a trade union and glories in its whelming multitudinousness, you can have no idea of its tender intimacies when you catch it in the nursery of its career.

Such acquaintance as we struck up with the sweet water was really a private and confidential understanding. We did not insult it with any social functions or have any other critics on the bank than the muskrats and mud-turtles that looked at us through the branches. We stripped ourselves down to an instant comradeship. Everywhere else in the world we should have put on precautionary "duds," which seems to me now very much like putting on a mask when you are about to say your prayers. No one knows how abominable it is to be rolled up in wet rags except those fellows who have walked in *puris naturalibus* into some of the private grottoes of

Nature where there is no immodesty and no fear. How the flesh exults when it feels the contact of the element. How astonishingly white one looks against the dusks and shadows. What a new sense of benignity to lie down in the pellucid drift and measure its going by the caresses it flings on its way. What douche was comparable to those cascades that went down our backs as we sat under that old dam? Those persons who use water only to wash themselves with degrade it, and it generally becomes a very serious servant to them. To Charlie and me it had no duty to perform but to frolic, and we heard it calling to us in soft tones long before we reached the dam.

Don't Give Me Up.

From Daniels' "The Warners." (Jamieson-Higgins Co.)

THE door opened. Like the shadow of death and as noiselessly, a wretched figure slunk in. Cyrus started, thinking only of some mistake. The woman kept on, closed the door, locked it, then leaned over with her ear to the key-hole and listened intently. Suddenly she turned.

"They're after me. I know it. Hide me. For God's sake, don't give me up," she whispered.

Cyrus looked at her; there was an abrupt recognition; a recognition that he put aside as unreal, impossible; he drew a deep breath; his hands fell helplessly by his side. What doom was this that was hanging over his house?

"What is it?" asked Betty the demure.

Cyrus did not answer; he had lost all faculty of dealing with the situation. It was beyond him. He knew the face; yet it could not be—it could not be—the thing was too ghastly.

The miserable woman turned again; every move she made gave the impression of slinking. She held out her hands, "Oh, mother," she wailed.

At that cry the world broke about the mother's head.

"No! No! No!" she screamed, violently clinging to Cyrus. "Not that, not that!"

At once the woman cowered back, bowing her head upon her arms, misunderstanding surprise for repudiation.

"I deserve it, of course. I am here unasked, unbidden. I left—Hark!" She started up, listening again. No sound anywhere; only the noises of sleep, the deep exhaling of the hideous creature, night.

Suddenly the tears sprang to her eyes. "Oh, mother, father,—I have looked everywhere for a refuge. If you do not take me then there is no hope. I must go to them. His money will hunt me out. I am afraid. I am so afraid to die!" She shuddered. She was humbled at last. So humbled that she would never rise again.

Cyrus went to her swiftly, only the years of her childhood rose in his sight. Reason was returning. At last he appreciated that this was his girl.

"My girl," he stammered. "What is it?"



From "French Life in Town and Country." Copyright, 1900, by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE PARDON OF ST. ANNE.

But the mother caught the child in her arms. This was their reuniting. She had no questions; no rebukes. Maternal love, stronger than life, stronger than death, was here. "You must never leave us again, dear; never as long as we have a roof above our heads," she said.

How El Mahdi Was Shod.

From Post's "Dwellers in the Hills." (Putnam.)

THE blacksmith-shop sat at a crossroads under a fringe of hickory trees that skirted a little hilltop. It was scarcely more than a shed, with a chimney, stone to the roof, and then built of sticks and clay. Out of this chimney the sparks flew when the smith was working, pitting the black shingle roof and searing the drooping leaves of the hickories. Around the shop was the characteristic flotsam, a cart with a mashed wheel, a plough with a broken mould-board, innumerable rusted tires, worn wagon-irons, and the other wreckage of this pioneer outpost of the mechanic.

At the foot of the hill as we came up, the Cardinal caught a stone between the calks of one of his hind shoes, and Jud got off to pry it out. Ump and I rode on to the shop and dismounted at the door. Old Christian was working at the forge welding a cart-iron, pulling the pole of his bellows, and pausing now and then to turn the iron in the glowing coals.

He was a man of middle size, perhaps fifty, bald, and wearing an old leather skull-cap pitted with spark holes. His nose was crooked and his eyes were set in toward it, narrow

and close together. He wore an ancient leather apron, burned here and there and dirty, and his arms were bare to the elbows.

I led El Mahdi into the shop, and Christian turned when he heard us enter. "Can you tack on a shoe?" said I.

The smith looked us over, took his glowing iron from the forge, struck it a blow or two on the anvil, and plunged it sizzling into the tub of water that stood beside him. Then he came over to the horse. "Fore or hind?" he asked.

"Left hind," I answered; "it's broken."

He went to the corner of the shop and came back with his kit—a little narrow wooden box on legs, with two places, one for nails and one for the shoeing tools, and a wooden rod above for handle and shoe-rack. He set the box beside him, took up the horse's foot, wiped it on his apron, and tried the shoe with his fingers. Then he took a pair of pincers out of his box, and catching one half of the broken shoe, gave it a wrench.

I turned on him in astonishment. "Stop," I cried, "you will tear the hoof."

"It'll pull loose," he mumbled.

Ump was at the door, tying the Bay Eagle. He came in when he heard me. "Christian," he said, "cut them nails."

The blacksmith looked up at him. "Who's shoein' this horse?" he growled.

The eyes of the hunchback began to snap. "You're a-doin' it," he said, "an' I'm tellin' you how."

"If I'm a-doin' it," growled the blacksmith, "suppose you go to hell." And he gave the shoe another wrench.

Ireland's Famous Writers.

From "Penelope's Irish Experiences." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

"I WON'T insist on the Round Towers," smiled Salemina, "and I think Penelope's idea a delightful one; we might add to it a sort of literary pilgrimage to the homes and haunts of Ireland's famous writers."

"I didn't know that she had any," interrupted Francesca.

This is a favorite method of conversation with that spoiled young person; it seems to appeal to her in three different ways: she likes to belittle herself, she likes to shock Salemina, and she likes to have information given her on the spot in some succinct, portable, convenient form.

"Oh," she continued apologetically, "of course there are Dean Swift and Thomas Moore and Charles Lever."

"And," I added, "certain minor authors named Goldsmith, Sterne, Steele, and Samuel Lover."

"And Bishop Berkeley, and Brinsley Sheridan, and Maria Edgeworth, and Father Prout," continued Salemina, "and certain great speech-makers like Burke and Grattan and Curran; and how delightful to visit all places connected with Stella and Vanessa, and the spot where Spenser wrote the Faerie Queene."

"Nor own a land on earth but one,
We're Paddies, and no more,"

sang Francesca. "You will be telling me in a moment that Thomas Carlyle was born in Skereenarinka, and that Shakespeare wrote Romeo and Juliet in Coolagarranoe," for she had drawn the guide-book toward her and made good use of it. "Let us do the literary pilgrimage, certainly, before we leave Ireland, but suppose we begin with something less intellectual. This is the most pugnacious map I ever gazed upon. All the names seem to begin or end with kill, bally, whack, shock, or knock; no wonder the Irish make good soldiers! Suppose we start with a sanguinary trip to the Kill places, so that I can tell any timid Americans I meet in travelling that I have been to Kilmacow and to Kilmacthomas, and am going to-morrow to Kilmore, and next day to Kilumaule."

"I think that must have been said before," I objected.

"It is so obvious that it's not unlikely," she rejoined; "then let us simply agree to go afterwards to see all the Bally places from Ballydehob on the south to Ballycastle or Ballymoney on the north, and from Ballynahinch or Ballywilliam on the east to Ballyvaughan or Ballybunion on the west. Don't they all sound jolly and grotesque?"



From Burroughs' "Squirrels and Other Furbearers."

Copyright, 1900, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE RED FOX.

Not a Coward, Thank God.

From "*Anting-Anting Stories and Other Strange Tales of the Filipinos.*" (Small, Maynard & Co.)

"READ it!" she said. "Thank God!" and then, "My boy! My boy!" and hid her face again.

"Dear mother," the scrawled note read.

"I got your letter. I'm glad you wrote it. It made things plain I hadn't seen before. My chance has come—quicker than I had expected. I wish I might have seen you again, but I shan't. A column of our men are coming up the valley just below here, marching straight into an ambush. I have tried to get word to them, but I can't, because the Tagalogs watch me so close. They never have trusted me. The only way for me is to rush out when the men get near enough, and shout to them, and that will be the end of it all for me. I don't care, only that I wish I could see you again. Juan will take this letter to you. When you get it, and the men come back, if I save them, I think perhaps they will clear my name. Then you can go home.

"The men are almost here. Mother, dear, good by. YOUR BOY."

"I wish I might have seen him," the woman said, a little later. "But I won't complain. What I most prayed God for has been granted me."

"They'll let the charge against him drop, now, won't they? Don't you think he has earned it?"

"I think he surely has. No braver deed has been done in all this war."

"Don't try to come, now, Mrs. Smith," as the nurse rose to her feet. "Stay here, and I will send one of the women to you."

When he had done this the officer went back to where the men were still holding Juan between them.

"Your journey is shorter than you thought," the officer said to the Tagalog. "Mrs. Smith is in this camp, and I have given the letter to her."

"May I see her?" exclaimed the man.

"Not now. In the morning you may. Have you seen this man, her son, since he was shot?"

"No, Senor. He gave me the note and told me to slip into the forest as soon as the fight began, so as to get away without any one seeing me. Then I was to stay out of the way until I could get into this camp."

"Do you know where he stood when he was shot?"

"Yes, Senor."

"Can you take a party of men there to-night?"

"Yes, Senor: most gladly."

Afterward, when it came to be known that Heber Smith would live, in spite of his wounds and the hours that he had lain there in the bushes unconscious and uncared for, there was the greatest diversity of opinion as to what had really saved his life.

The surgeons said it was partly their skill, and partly the superb constitution that years of work on a New England farm had given to the young man. His mother believed that he had been spared for her sake. Heber Smith himself always said it was his mother's care that saved his life, while Juan never had the

least doubt that the young soldier had been protected solely by a marvellous "anting anting" which he himself had slipped unsuspected into the American soldier's blouse that day, before he had left him. As soon as she knew that her son would live, Mrs. Smith started for Washington, carrying with her papers which made it possible for her to be allowed to plead her case there as she had pleaded it in Manila. A pardon was sent back, as fast as wire and steamer and wire again could convey it. Heber Smith wears the uniform of a second lieutenant, now, won for bravery in action since he went back into the service; and every one who knew her in the Philippines, cherishes the memory of Mrs. Hannah Smith, Nurse.

John Gifford.

From "*A Soldier of the King.*" (Cassell & Co.)

UP and down in the coppice the wild rabbits were chasing each other. A squirrel ran up the bole of a tree close by, and looked down at him with beady bright eyes. A strange quietness was borne upon his spirit. That consciousness of a Living Presence that comes to some souls when they are alone with nature came to him then. For it was part of this man's power over others that he himself had a nature sensitively alive to influences that leave ordinary men untouched.

A sense as of something actually with him, watching, weighing, judging, came upon him like a physical oppression. He sat up.

He had had these visitations before. Once, when a schoolboy, he had been deputed by his fellows to execute some daring breach of discipline. When lurking outside the hen roost that he meant to rob he felt upon him so strong a sense of supernatural terror that he had suddenly taken to his heels and rushed back to the house.

He made some excuses to his comrades, and they never knew the true cause of what had happened. But in the morning he was filled with a burning sense of shame. He had feared and trembled, in spite of his dare-devil reputation. He vowed it should be the last time. And since then, though the dread had visited him again and again, he could say that he had never yielded to it.

He did not account for his experience, as a man of his stamp would do to-day, by some theory of physical weakness or overstrain. He lived in an age that was deeply impressed with the reality of the spirit world, when soldiers like Cromwell, and statesmen like Vane, and gay young courtiers like George Herbert, in his youth, were acutely, overpoweringly aware of the striving of a Supernatural Will with their own souls.

So John Gifford did not deny God. He defied Him. From the standpoint of the will and personality that God had given him his fierce egoism asserted itself against the Will and Personality that work behind all things. "Here I am, with power to choose my own path, to determine my own acts. My own good pleasure shall be my sufficient rule, and not even God can force me to obey another. You may say He has made me free: granted but, at any rate, free I am. He can punish me for disobeying His laws. Well, let Him.

Let Him rain His thunders upon me. Let Him send me to dwell with everlasting burnings. Even in hell my will shall erect itself against His; even in torment I will keep the way I chose, because I chose it."

His brows darkened, and the hands that he had clasped round his knees tightened their grasp. The proud, scornful, defiant face of Lucifer looked out on the young glory of the spring.

Suddenly a girl's voice, thin and strained, but with a strange, pathetic, vibratory sweetness, broke upon the stillness. The tense muscles of Gifford's face relaxed as he listened.

"Ah, Love, they wrong thee much
That say thy sweet is bitter,
When thy rich fruit is such
As nothing can be sweeter.
Fair house of joy and bliss
Where truest pleasure is,
I do adore thee:
I know thee what thou art,
I serve thee with my heart,
And fall before thee."

A Bird of Good Omen.

From Phillips's "Frederick Young." (Dickerman.)

"THEN, captain, when we see a flying-fish emerge from the sea some distance from the yacht, we may assume that there is a foe beneath the waves?" said Constance, interrogatively.

"Yes, usually, and some of those foes are so avaricious that they follow the flight of their aerial congeners, and the instant the wings or fins of the flying-fish become dry and the fish drops into the sea the pursuing fish seizes and devours his prey."

"Poor, little fishes, they, as well as nearly all other beings on this earth, have their enemies," said Constance.

Good weather prevailed and the *Altair* kept up her average speed day after day with ease.

On the eighth day of the voyage one of the crew made a capture. For six consecutive days a large bird of a dusky-white color, with darker wings and back, had followed the ship. It was the largest and strongest of the sea-birds and among the sailors it was said to be a "gony," but Captain Ashton said it was a wandering albatross or *Diomedea exulans* of scientists. This bird had not only kept up with the fleet yacht all of this time, but it had circled around the *Altair* repeatedly and with apparent ease. During this time the bird had not been observed to alight on the water or on the boat, and its powers of endurance, which are well known, were here remarkably illustrated. Perhaps the ladies and sailors had coaxed the big bird along by occasionally throwing morsels of table refuse to it, which it would skilfully pick from the water, without arresting its flight. By thus leading it on it fell an easy prey to Parkins, a sailor, when he threw a strong line overboard with a hook attached to the end, but artfully concealed in a piece of bacon. That is, the bird was easily hooked, but it was a different matter to haul the mammoth sea-fowl aboard, though it was successfully accomplished after considerable manœuvring and muscular exertion.

To the mariner this is a bird of good omen, so the crew were unanimous in regard to sparing its life. The hook was found to be

caught in the back part of the lower mandible, and the steel point was soon removed without the captive bird being any the worse for the misfortune which had befallen him. The bird was now free in one sense, but a prisoner in another. He was not fastened, yet he could not leave the deck for the bulwarks were an obstacle that he could not surmount. It is a well-known fact that these birds have to take a long run, whether on land or water, to take flight, and the deck of the *Altair* did not afford sufficient space for the captive to rise into the air, consequently he was a prisoner. Those coming near him at first had to exercise considerable care and not get within striking distance of his sharp-edged, hooked beak or his powerful wings, for he could inflict a strong blow with either, and a severe wound might be made with the former. By kind treatment he soon became semi-domesticated and he would then take food from one's hand. One day the bird was weighed, and he just raised the scale-beam at twenty-three pounds, and his stretch or measurement from tip to tip was fifteen feet, six inches.

Captain Ashton pronounced this to be a remarkably large specimen, although larger and heavier ones are on record as having been taken.

Mental Symptoms.

From Dr. Girdner's "Newyorkitis." (Grafton Press.)

THE mental appetite of a Newyorkitic is morbid and perverted. All memory of such authors as Ruskin, Macaulay, Carlyle, and Emerson, Longfellow and Lowell, is hopelessly gone. He must have a novel written by another Newyorkitic, if possible one in a more advanced stage of the disease. The mental roast beef and mashed potatoes of Shakspeare and the genuine sauce of Sheridan he will not swallow. These patients demand of the theatrical managers such plays as "In Gay New York," "The Passing Show," and "Zaza." His daily paper must be highly spiced. It must contain all the latest gossip and scandal. Divorces and elopements, suicides and murders, must be set forth in detail, with mammoth head-lines. These patients must have a daily record of the sayings and doings of millionaires. And if a millionaire has a death, marriage, or birth in his family, the Newyorkitic demands of his editor the most minute particulars of the whole proceeding, with ample illustrations.

In advanced cases of Newyorkitis, the gray matter of the brain is never used to think with, except when the patient is engaged in getting money, or gratifying some physical appetite. At all other times he thinks with his reflex nervous system; that is, his opinions and views on all other questions are simply reflexes of the views and opinions of some other man or group of men he happens to be following at the time. The Newyorkitic has lost the power of studying a question on its merits, and carrying the arguments pro and con to their logical conclusion, uninfluenced by greed and selfishness and the views of other men. Indeed, he seems to have lost both the power and the desire of making up his own mind, and takes apparent pleasure in having others make it up for him.

How Dare You! How Dare You!*From "The Story of Sarah." (Brentano's.)*

"SADIE! Sadie! Sadie!"—Devine's voice, with all its commanding wealth of tenderness and passion. And there, on the top of the dune above her, loomed the dark figure of the "Pirate King." Sadie's heart leaped at the sight and the sound, bounding in Devine's direction, trying to tug her with it, bidding her say:

"Dearest! Dearest! Here is Sadie."

But all unconscious the man went on, calling, calling as he went; and the girl, with her hand crushing back that rebel heart, wheeled about and fled in the opposite direction.

Up another dune she climbed, and down into its hollow; then started up another, but suddenly dropped down on her knees, for there was that dark shape again, floating down the side of the dune out of the whiteness of the snow. Fearfully, quickly, on hands and knees, she dragged herself out of its path, yet in as much terror of not being seen as in terror of being seen, for again her heart was playing the traitor.

Sadie bounded up and on toward the bluff, but had not gone far when a new fear took hold of her—that the snow would lift and betray her whereabouts to Devine. Slowly and yet more slowly the swirling flakes came down. She could see the waves, when at last she stood upon the bluff, reach up for them, swallow them, and reach for more; but she could also see for some little distance along the curve of the narrow surf shore, and there was a man, his face lowered against the gale, coming from the west. And the man was Ben. With a sob of relief, Sadie glanced hastily over her shoulder, to find Devine racing across the dunes to her, beckoning as he ran; and she laughed aloud hysterically.

"Ben!" she called, running down the side of the bluff. "Ben! Ben!"

Ben started and lifted his head; then he ran like a deer to meet her, although he had not yet seen Devine.

"Don't let him catch me!" called out Sadie, half between laughing and crying; and then Ben saw Devine appear at the top of the bluff.

"It's all right, Sadie," called the Dutch lad reassuringly; "Ben's here!"

And then, even as Ben hastened to her, a strange, an incomprehensible thing made him pause, hesitating. Devine, who had come within call of Sadie, simply spoke the girl's name. That was all. Yet Sadie paused in her flight toward Ben, her arms drooping, her small, proud head bending low; and, slowly, she turned about until she faced Devine. Then Ben saw Devine take both her hands in his and heard him say:

"My leetle gal!"

At that Ben's slow Dutch blood boiled up, and, going close to the pair, he said distinctly:

"Can I help you, Sadie?"

Sadie looked helplessly up at Devine, it seemed, as if deferring the question to him. Devine slipped his arm around the girl, and for one moment she fluttered like a captive bird; then, without having so much as glanced

at Ben, allowed herself to be led in the direction of Bleak Hill.

Bewildered, helpless, and miserable, Ben stood for a few moments looking after the two. Then with a whispered "Good-bye, sweetheart," he swallowed the largest lump he had ever felt in his throat and faced toward Cedar Cove; while Devine and Sarah, forgetful of the lad's very existence, went on together.

"Hurry, darlin'! The boat's awaitin' fer us," said Devine after a while; then added, in answer to the question in Sadie's uplifted eyes:

"The Rev'ren' Dan couldn't come. He said ter bring yer over."

The eyes dropped, satisfied with the answer to their question; but Sadie's weary feet stumbled uncertainly, and, without a word, Devine took her up in his arms and carried her like a little child.

Loud, loud, boomed the breakers:

"How dare you! How dare you!" But he did not hear.

My Wants Are Needs.*From "The Transfiguration of Philura." (Funk & Wagnalls.)*

DURING a busy and joyous evening she endeavored to formulate these thronging desires; by bedtime she had even ventured—with the aid of a stubbed lead-pencil—to indite the most immediate and urgent of these wants as they knocked at the door of her consciousness. The list, hidden guiltily away in the depths of her shabby purse, read something as follows:

"I wish to be beautiful and admired. I want two new dresses; a hat with plumes, and a silk petticoat that rustles. I want some new kid gloves and a feather boa (a long one made of ostrich feathers). I wish—" The small, blunt pencil had been lifted in air for the space of three minutes before it again descended; then, with cheeks that burned, Miss Philura had written the fateful words: "I wish to have a lover and to be married."

"There, I have done it!" she said to herself, her little fingers trembling with agitation. "He must already exist in the encircling Good. He is mine. I am engaged to be married at this very moment!"

To lay this singular memorandum before her Maker appeared to Miss Philura little short of sacrilegious; but the thought of the mysterious Abundance of which the seeress had spoken, urging itself, as it were, upon her acceptance, encouraged her. She arose from her evening orisons with a glowing face. "I have asked," she said aloud, "and I believe I shall have."

THE BURDEN OF STRENGTH.*From Meredith's "A Reading of Life." (Scribner.)*

If that thou hast the gift of strength, then know
Thy part is to uplift the trodden low;
Else in a giant's grasp until the end
A hopeless wrestler shall thy soul contend.

The Time to be Merciful

From Winston Churchill's "The Crisis." (Macmillan.)

MR. LINCOLN was speaking again.

"He put in a plea, a lawyer's plea, wholly unworthy of him, Miss Virginia. He asked me to let your cousin off on a technicality. What do you think of that?"

"Oh!" said Virginia. Just the exclamation escaped her—nothing more. The crimson that had betrayed her deepened on her cheeks. Slowly the eyes she had yielded to Stephen came back again and rested on the President. And now her wonder was that an ugly man could be so beautiful.

"I wish it understood, Mr. Lawyer," the President continued, "that I am not letting off Colonel Colfax on a technicality. I am sparing his life," he said slowly, "because the time for which we have been waiting and longing for four years is now at hand—the time to be merciful. Let us all thank God for it."

Virginia had risen now. She crossed the room, her head lifted, her heart lifted, to where this man of sorrows stood smiling down at her.

"Mr. Lincoln," she faltered, "I did not know you when I came here. I should have known you, for I had heard him—I had heard Major Brice praise you. Oh," she cried, "how I wish that every man and woman and child in the South might come here and see you as I have seen you to-day. I think—I think that some of their bitterness might be taken away."

Abraham Lincoln laid his hands upon the girl. And Stephen, watching, knew that he was looking upon a benediction.

"Virginia," said Mr. Lincoln, "I have not suffered by the South, I have suffered *with* the South. Your sorrow has been my sorrow, and your pain has been my pain. What you have lost, I have lost. And what you have gained," he added sublimely, "I have gained."

He led her gently to the window. The clouds were flying before the wind, and a patch of blue sky shone above the Potomac. With his long arm he pointed across the river to the southeast, and as if by a miracle a shaft of sunlight fell on the white houses of Alexandria.

"In the first days of the war," he said, "a flag flew there in sight of the place where George Washington lived and died. I used to watch that flag, and thank God that Washington had not lived to see it. And sometimes—sometimes I wondered if God had allowed it to be put in irony just there." His voice seemed to catch. "That was wrong," he continued. "I should have known that this was our punishment—that the sight of it was my punishment. Before we could become the great nation He has destined us to be, our sins must be wiped out in blood. You loved that flag, Virginia. You love it still. I say in all sincerity, may you always love it. May the day come when this nation, North and South, may look back upon it with reverence. Thousands upon thousands of brave Americans have died under it for what they believed was right. But may the day come

again when you will love that flag you see there now—Washington's flag—better still."

He stopped, and the tears were wet upon Virginia's lashes. She could not have spoken then.

Mr. Lincoln went over to his desk and sat down before it. Then he began to write, slouched forward, one knee resting on the floor, his lips moving at the same time. When he got up again he seemed taller than ever.

"There!" he said, "I guess that will fix it. I'll have that sent to Sherman. I have already spoken to him about the matter."

They did not thank him. It was beyond them both. He turned to Stephen with that quizzical look on his face he had so often seen him wear.

"Steve," he said, "I'll tell you a story. The other night Harlan was here making a speech to a crowd out of the window, and my boy Tad was sitting behind him."

"What shall we do with the Rebels?" said Harlan to the crowd.

"Hang 'em!" cried the people.

"No," says Tad, 'hang on to 'em.'

"And the boy was right. That is what we intend to do—hang on to 'em. And, Steve," said Mr. Lincoln, putting his hand again on Virginia's shoulder, "if you have the sense I think you have, you'll hang on, too."

For an instant he stood smiling at their blushes—he to whom the power was given to set apart his cares and his troubles and partake of the happiness of others. For of such was his happiness.

Fishin' Is Onsartin.

From "John Winslow." (G. W. Dillingham Co.)

"WHO is Parson Goodwin and where does he live?"

"W'y, he runs this church up the street here, a plain well-meanin' man, ruther slow, an' don't amount to much at that kind o' business, but when it comes to fishin' he's a hull band, with an extry drum major thrown in. An' I tell ye, gentlemen, it shows what a man of abil'ty can do when he puts his whole soul into a thing. He could tell ye fish stories longer'n his sermons, an' a mighty sight more interestin' to chaps like me, though they say some of his stories people wouldn't believe if it wasn't the parson that was tellin' 'em. You see, folks 'round here think a man must al'ays tell a thing jest as it is; it's the fault of their edication, I s'pose; but there's some that accuse the parson o' tellin' rubber stories—that's the kind that stretches—an' they say, 'I'd ruther see the fish.' These unb'lievers don't go to his church."

"Yes, gentlemen," continued the landlord, "you can't always tell what yer luck is to be; sometimes fish won't bite for anybody, unless it is Parson Goodwin. I've heard say that there's two things that's very onsartin: one's the weather an' the other is politics, but you ought t' add fishin'. I've known the parson to set half a day on a log without gettin' a bite, an' at the end of that time never move a muscle, but look as contented as an ox turned out to pastur'. 'All right,' he says, 'I'm fishin' just the same; ye can't hurry Providence.' An' that's so, gentlemen."

A Modern Undine.

From Marriott's "The Column." (John Lane.)

BASIL was keenly disappointed; he saw that in marrying Daphne he had somehow missed her; that she, virgin of him, had escaped, and from shadowy middle ground, cut off alike from him and her own, looked out on him with serious, unreproachful eyes. He watched her with increasing uneasiness, setting himself earnestly to waylay her needs—for if he could in some way become necessary to her, he might yet win her—and the pathetic effort with which she responded, wavered, and relapsed into herself, tortured him. Had she but shown boredom he had been better able to intervene; but this cataleptic obedience to his wishes, this sadness without petulance, left him helpless.

He was reminded irresistibly of Undine, and sometimes wondered, against reason, whether indeed he had not wedded some creature part human, who would, as he had jestingly observed, vanish, and leave but a wind-flower growing on the rock. There was in her bearing a humility, a sacrificial readiness to anticipate his unuttered reproaches, that distracted him with love and sorrow.

It became a daily habit with Daphne to slip away to the column alone. Her eyes made it unnecessary for her to express a wish that Basil should not accompany her. He ate his heart in silence, covering his chagrin with eloquent reasons for an hour's solitude in the library.

Daphne was, then, furtively resuming herself, with this difference—that the self to which she would return was for ever different from that to which she had grown up. This abandoned shell of her personality was somewhere by the column; and towards it and the column itself she was drawn by an increasing curiosity.

At the Twilight Hour.

From Bignell's "Mr. Chupes and Miss Jenny." (Baker & Taylor Co.)

As usual, the birds made themselves at home in their new surroundings and were thoroughly happy after a time, but I think they were at first depressed to find so much cut off from each end of their day. Of course the difference in latitude caused a very perceptible shortening of the daylight hours, displeasing to Jenny, as it interfered with her work, and not at all satisfactory to the sun-and-light-loving Mr. Chupes. The disapprobation soon gave way to approval, however, when they learned that sunset and deepening twilight hours were to be spent in cosy snuggling on my shoulders.

My room commanded a view of the river, of wide meadow stretches and of a background of hills, behind one of which the mid-winter sun sets. It was ever a joy to me to watch the variations of the glowing colors that, for one brief interval, made of every bare, desolate tree on the hill-top a glorious burning bush: a bearer of an awe-inspiring message!

To the little nature-lovers on my shoulders the solemn influences of the hour must have appealed keenly. Their innocent hearts

were ever in tune. The beings of what we are pleased to term "the lowest creation," have ears to hear from which our worldliness and dulness cut us off.

Yet many a weary wood-hauler found time to stop and gaze at the transfigured mount, and even light-hearted, thoughtless little urchins, tumbling each other along through the snow-drifts, would occasionally pay to the resplendent dying orb the tribute of a *gar' donc*, and an indication with a mittened hand.

"Not color but conflagration," I was saying to myself on one of these glowing occasions; and almost at the same moment, along the clear, frosty air, came to me the exclamation of a little peasant lad who had been brought to a standstill by the wonderful sight: "*On dirait que c'est du feu!*" Another rendering of Ruskin's thought.

Often the birds watched with me as the moon rose over the great glistening expanses, the wonderful brilliant whiteness seemed almost like a return of day. Again we held starlight vigils, and never before had I seen night skies of so clear a blue or stars of such marvellous brightness. And the nights when the aurora borealis gave a red glow to the entire northern sky! How can I attempt to tell you of them?

In the Treasure Room.

From "The Mysterious Burglar." (F. M. Buckles & Co.)

THEN I entered the room, and closed the door behind me. I flashed the light from my lantern on every side, taking in the whole room in one circular sweep, and for a moment I was disappointed. There was nothing visible in the room except piles of old furniture covering. It looked as if furniture had been stored in the room and then covered over with the cloth to keep the dust from accumulating on the articles.

But why should the Doctor have such fine furniture stored away in this up-stairs room? I raised one end of the covering, and started back in astonishment. I could almost have shouted in my surprise. Throwing back the cloth in eager haste I soon disclosed to view a collection of treasures that made my hand tremble. No robber's cave ever revealed a richer store of wealth than that which lay spread out before me.

There was the silver and gold plate of a dozen different families; the jewels and diamonds that had come down as heirlooms from several generations; small statuettes, gold-framed pictures and photographs, solid silver knives, forks, spoons, and plates; watches, rings, and bric-a-brac of more or less value were piled in heaps, and clusters on the floor and tables; in short, there was everything that a robber could collect from a house and carry away in a bundle.

Gazing at this strange accumulation of miscellaneous goods, I felt that I was standing in a dangerous place, for the collector of them would not hesitate an instant to kill me if he once discovered my presence. Here were the ill-gotten gains of both my master and the Doctor, and either one would be provoked and frightened enough to take my life if they once saw me in the store room.

Love Finds a Way.

From Barton's "A Hero in Homespun." (Appleton.)

AN hour later the Confederate soldiers with their prisoners came down the road. Jack's head was bound up with needless care, and the doctor had given him many words of caution in the hearing of the captain, making the wound seem fully as serious as it was, and had warned him against too hard riding. Jack looked out from beneath his bandages at the home of his childhood. Dreary as were its surroundings just then, its roof had never looked so inviting a shelter as it did that day. The short day was drawing to a close. They would ride, he felt sure, all night; for the captain well knew that the escaped soldiers would bring after him a much larger force by the break of day. It was hard lines riding past one's own door, wounded and a prisoner. Jack gave a yearning look at the house as he approached it. Then he rubbed his eyes and looked again. It could not be! And yet it was so! The smoke was curling lightly from the chimney, the door was ajar, and there at the fence, where she had stood the day he had left for the war, was his mother! Before he had time to think twice Jennie Whirtley came from the house with a panful of hot corn pones.

"Howdy," said Mrs. Casey, addressing the captain. "Heerd you was comin', and reckoned you'd think it was about supper time."

"Howdy, mam," said the captain. "You're mighty good. You mus' be Confed'rate?"

"Don't ye ask me no questions and I won't tell you no lies. But I've fed more'n one rebel afore, an' more'n one Yank, too. Ef ye wanten talk politics, ye ken jes' go on. But if ye want some good hot corn dodgers, thar they be, an' they's more in the oven bakin' an' some hoe cakes on the griddle."

"We cyan't stop long," said the captain; "but you men that's wounded mought go in an' lay down about a minute."

The men who had tasted the corn pones wanted more, and those who had none were eager for a share. Elizabeth knew well that if she got them halted they would not get away for a good half hour, and meantime it was growing dark. The two wounded Confederates went in with Jack, and one also of his own men.

Jennie followed the wounded men into the house and said to Jack, "You'd best lie down on the bed in the loft. I'll go up and see if everythin's ready."

Jack climbed the loft and she followed him. "Get off your cloes," she whispered, "an' git inter bed. Be ready to put on yer mother's cloes when she comes. You'll hatter give her that bandage, too!"

She hastened down, and Jack quickly obeyed. He could hear his mother and the younger women below talking cheerfully with the soldiers and foiling every suggestion that they must get on, with promises of more cornbread. A half hour had passed, and all the men were fed. Then the captain called for the wounded men to come out. Bessie and Jennie helped the three below to mount, while Elizabeth ascended "to see how the poor feller above was gittin' on." A moment and she had removed her dress, and in an-

other she was wrapped in Jack's trousers and coat, and was wrapping her face with the bloody bandage. Jack meantime had got into her dress and was tying her sunbonnet over his face. Then they descended the ladder together. The girls at the door diverted the attention of the soldiers, starting toward the fence and drawing after them the already mounted guards, while Jack helped his mother to mount, and they rode away in the gathering dusk. Soon they were out of sight, and Jack knew that if they could go half a dozen miles before they found their mistake they would never think of returning.

The Language of the Prairie.

From Laut's "Lords of the North." (Taylor.)

HE who would hear that paradox of impossibilities—silence become vocal—must traverse the vast wastes of the prairie by night. As a mother quiets a fretful child, so the illimitable calm lulls tumultuous thoughts. The wind moving through empty solitudes comes with a sigh of unutterable loneliness. Unconsciously men listen for some faint rustling from the gauzy, wavering streamers that fire northern skies. The dullest ear can almost fancy sounds from the noiseless wheeling of the planets through the overspanning vaulted blue, and human speech seems sacrilege.

Though the language of the prairie be not in words, some message is surely uttered; for the people of the plains wear the far-away look of communion with the unseen and the unheard. The fine sensibility of the white woman, perhaps, shows the impress of the vast solitudes most readily, and the gravely repressed natures of the Indian least; but all plain-dwellers have learned to catch the voice of the prairie. I, myself, know the message well, though I may no more put it into words than the song love sings in one's heart. Love, says the poet, is infinite. So is the space of the prairie. That, I suppose, is why both are too boundless for the limitation of speech.

Night after night, with only a grassy swish and deadened tread over the turf breaking stillness, we journeyed northward. Occasionally, like the chirp of cricket in a dry well, life sounded through emptiness. Skulking coyotes, seeking prey among earth mounds, or night hawks, liting solitarily in vaulted mid-heaven, uttered cries that pierced the vast blue. Owls flapped stupidly up from our horses' feet. Hungry kites wheeled above lonely Indian graves, or perched on the scaffolding where the dead lay swathed in skins.

Reflecting on my experience with the Mandanes and the Sioux, I was disposed to upbraid fate as a senseless thing with no thread of purpose through life's hopeless jumble. Now, something in the calm of the plains, or the certainty of our unerring star-guides, quieted my unrest. Besides, was I not returning to one who was peerless? That hope speedily eclipsed all interests. That was purpose enough for my life. Forthwith I began comparing lustrous gray eyes to the stars, and tracing a woman's figure in the diaphanous northern lights. One face ever gleamed through the dusk at my horse's head and

beckoned northward. I do not think her presence left me for an instant on that homeward journey.

Pan-American Exposition.

"THE Time-Saver and Souvenir Guide to the Pan-American Exposition" is an exquisitely bound vest-pocket diary issued by Laird & Lee, of Chicago. Besides the diary proper, covering the six months of the Fair (with memorandum and account pages) it contains full descriptions of all the buildings of the Rainbow City and of the entrancing Midway. The world-famed Niagara Falls are illustrated by pen and picture, while an official plan of the exposition grounds allows the visitor to find his way through the labyrinth of superb edifices. To complete this most useful and practical volume, the publishers have inserted a very well classified directory of Buffalo, furnishing one with information and addresses for every possible emergency: hotels, banks, parks, public buildings, etc., etc. It is certainly as dainty and intelligently conceived a booklet of the kind as we have seen so far. The same firm has issued an edition of the Souvenir Guide, in the Spanish language, a grateful tribute to our many visitors from Mexico, Central and South America.

A New Literature.

From Mrs. Wharton's "Crucial Instances." (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

THE gentleman listened attentively, fingering her manuscript as though literature were a tactile substance; then, with a confidential twist of his revolving chair, he emitted the verdict: "We ought to have had this ten years sooner."

Miss Anson took the words as an allusion to the repressed avidity of her readers. "It has been a long time for the public to wait," she solemnly assented.

The publisher smiled. "They haven't waited," he said.

She looked at him strangely. "Haven't waited?"

"No—they've gone off; taken another train. Literature's like a big railway-station now, you know; there's a train starting every minute. People are not going to hang round the waiting-room. If they can't get to a place when they want to they go somewhere else."

The application of this parable cost Miss Anson several minutes of throbbing silence. At length she said: "Then I am to understand that the public is no longer interested in—in my grandfather?" She felt as though heaven must blast the lips that risked such a conjecture.

"Well, it's this way. He's a name still, of course. People don't exactly want to be caught not knowing who he is; but they don't want to spend two dollars finding out, when they can look him up for nothing in any biographical dictionary."

Miss Anson's world reeled. She felt herself adrift among mysterious forces, and no more thought of prolonging the discussion than of opposing an earthquake with argument. She went home carrying the manu-

script like a wounded thing. On the return journey she found herself travelling straight toward a fact that had lurked for months in the background of her life, and that now seemed to await her on the very threshold; the fact that fewer visitors came to the House. She owed to herself that for the last four or five years the number had steadily diminished. Engrossed in her work, she had noted the change only to feel thankful that she had fewer interruptions. There had been a time when, at the travelling season, the bell rang continuously, and the ladies of the House lived in a chronic state of "best silks" and expectancy. It would have been impossible then to carry on any consecutive work; and she now saw that the silence which had gathered round her task had been the hush of death.

Not of *his* death! The very walls cried out against the implication. It was the world's enthusiasm, the world's faith, the world's loyalty that had died. A corrupt generation that had turned aside to worship the brazen serpent. Her heart yearned with a prophetic passion over the lost sheep straying in the wilderness. But all great glories had their interlunar period; and in due time her grandfather would once more flash full-orbed upon a darkling world.

The Continentals Are Marching In.

From W. O. Stoddard's "Montanye." (Altemus.)

"DRIVE on! I want to be there to see George Washington ride in. Hark! Hear the cannon, up the road! He is coming! The Continentals are marching in! Hurrah!"

Thousands of hearts were beating wildly that November day. Madeline found that her own was in almost too painful sympathy with her father's feverish, half frantic enthusiasm. It was a genuine help to her, now and then, to turn and look at the bronzed, handsome, war-like face of Richard Wilton as he rode beside the carriage, swinging his hat from time to time on the slightest provocation. The carriage itself was flagged and decked right patriotically and the soldiers it passed cheered its occupants as Madeline leaned out to wave her handkerchief to them. She did not know, at first, that she was weeping with excitement and so she hardly understood what was meant when a whole regiment—what was left of it—stood still and saluted her and cheered when its ragged colonel shouted:

"God bless her! Men, Halt! Present arms!—The girl's a cryin'!"

"O, father!" she exclaimed. "I want to give them everything we have!"

"That's precisely what I'm going to do," he responded, but she did not quite understand him then, for he added:

"If I can live to do it."

The Continentals were indeed a ragged array, half-fed, half-clad, but they were splendid soldiers in their drill and bearing. These were the war-worn veterans to whom the nation owed its life, but for whom it did not provide, even in the hour of triumph which their unselfish valor had won and which their sufferings and blood had so dearly paid for.

So Dr. Montanye said to his daughter, as the heavy, old fashioned barouche rolled steadily down Broadway.

The British flag had already disappeared and the Stars and Stripes were floating from forts and shipping. A beautiful banner hung over the entrance of Fraunce's tavern, where General Washington, for a short time after his arrival, held a very informal public reception, preparatory to the further ceremonials intended by the patriotic citizens of New York.

THE FLOWER-SELLER.

From "Wishriaker's Toton." (Russell.)

MYRTLE, and eglantine,
For the old love, and the new!
And the columbine,
With its cap and bells, for folly!
And the daffodil, for the hopes of youth! and the rue,
For melancholy!
But of all the blossoms that blow,
Fair gallants all, I charge you to win, if ye may,
This gentle guest,
Who dreams apart, in her wimple of purple and gray,
Like the blessed Virgin, with meek head bending low
Upon her breast.

For the orange flower
Ye may buy as ye will; but the violet of the wood
Is the love of maidenhood;
And he that hath worn it but once, though but for an
hour,
He shall never again, though he wander by many a
stream,
No, never again shall he meet with a flower that
shall seem
So sweet and pure; and forever, in after years,
At the thought of its bloom, or the fragrance of its
breath,
The past shall arise,
And his eyes shall be dim with tears,
And his soul shall be far in the gardens of Paradise,
Though he stand in the shambles of death.

The Haunts of Peter Stirling.

From Maurice's "New York in Fiction." (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

It is related of ex-Mayor Gilroy that he read "Peter Stirling" during an ocean voyage from England to this country, and that after his arrival, when seated among his friends one evening, he took up the book and pointed with his finger to the different parts which treated of politics, emphasizing the gesture with the forcible and eloquent words, "Isn't it all damn so?" Than this Mr. Ford could ask no higher praise. Another very typical case is that of a former New Jersey county clerk, who confesses that during the last three or four years he has been reading "The Honorable Peter Stirling" through on an average of once every three months. He has been a lifelong politician. The primary is his workshop. The devices, the trickeries, the stratagems of politics, are to him the tarts of the pastry cook, only in this case they have in no wise lost their crispness and flavor. He is not a bookish man, and lighter fiction does not appeal to him. A man on the high road to fifty cannot forever be sniveling over the woes of Rudolph and the lamenta-

tions of Regina; he is one of a class seriously to be reckoned with; and to no one who has a sturdy belief in the future of American literature his simple but eloquent preference for a book which commands attention only as striking into a very vital phase of life which has hitherto been deemed beneath literary treatment is infinitely more significant than the applause of high-school sentimentalists or the cackling of the "culture clubs."

At the angle made by the running together of Worth and Park Streets is, as any one with the slightest pretension to an acquaintance with New York knows, the little triangular park which marks the site of what was once the Five Points. It was there, about 1874, that Peter Stirling made friends with the tenement-house children and took the first step toward the achievement of his career. The park lies directly to the east of the Broadway building in which he had his office. "It had no right to be there, for the land was wanted for business purposes, but the hollow on which it was built had been a swamp in the old days, and the soft land, and perhaps the unhealthiness, had prevented the erection of great warehouses and stores, which almost surrounded it. So it had been left to the storage of human souls, instead of merchandise, for valuable goods need careful housing, while any place serves to pack humanity." While there remains much to remind us of the conditions of twenty-five years ago, the comparatively recent construction of the greater park, only a stone's throw distant, has done a great deal toward the reclamation of the quarter. A few hundred yards to the west of this little park we find on Centre Street the saloon of Dennis Moriarty, "Peter's staunch friend and political henchman."

THE COUNTRY OF CONCEIT.

From Fowler's "Love's Argument." (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

SAFE screened by hills on either hand
From winter storms and summer heat,
There lies a silly little land—
The Country of Conceit.

There adverse breezes never blow;
And no one tries to teach, forsooth,
The things I do not care to know;
Nor tells unpleasant truths.

There all the trees are gay and green,
And all the fields are bright with flowers;
And there I sit enthroned as queen,
And pass delightful hours.

What boots it if it is a sham—
If I am really not beloved—
If what I want to be and am
Are far as poles removed?

May I not therefore now and then
Pretend that all is well with me—
That I have won the praise of men,
With better things to be?

It helps me better to withstand
The troubles I am bound to meet—
That charming, silly, little land,
The Country of Conceit.

THE VITAL CHOICE.

From Meredith's "A Reading of Life." (Scribner.)

OR shall we run with Artemis,
Or yield the breast to Aphrodite?
Both are mighty:
Both give bliss;
Each can torture if divided;
Each claims worship undivided;
In her wake would have us wallow.

Youth must offer on bent knees
Homage unto one or other;
Earth, the mother,
This decrees;
And unto the pallid Scyther
Either points us shun we either,
Shun or too devoutly follow.

Elizabeth and Her Friends.

From "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." (Macmillan.)

THE garden is the place I go to for shelter, not the house. In the house are duties and annoyances, servants to exhort and admonish, furniture and meals; but out there blessings crowd around me at every step—it is there that I am sorry for the unkindness in me, for those selfish thoughts that are so much worse than they feel; it is there that all my sins and silliness are forgiven, there that I feel protected and at home, and every flower and weed is a friend and every tree a lover. When I have been vexed I run out to them for comfort, and when I have been angry without just cause, it is there that I find absolution. Did ever a woman have so many friends? And always the same, always ready to welcome me and fill me with cheerful thoughts. Happy children of a common Father, why should I, their own sister, be less content and joyous than they? Even in a thunderstorm, when other people are running into the house I run out of it. I do not like thunderstorms—they frighten me for hours before they come, because I always feel them on their way; but it is odd that I should go for shelter in the garden. I feel better there, more taken care of, more petted. When it thunders the April baby says, "There's *lieber Gott* scolding those angels again." And once, when there was a storm in the night, she complained loudly and wanted to know why *lieber Gott* didn't do the scolding in the daytime, as she had been so tight asleep.

We have been cowslipping to-day in a little wood dignified by the name of the Hirschwald, because it is the happy-hunting ground of innumerable deer who fight there in the autumn evenings, calling each other out to combat with bayings that ring through the silence and send agreeable shivers through the lonely listener.

We made cowslip balls sitting on the grass. The babies had never seen such things nor had imagined anything half so sweet. The Hirschwald is a little open wood of silver larches and springy turf starred with flowers, and there is a tiny stream meandering amiably about it and decking itself in June with yellow flags. I have dreamed of having a little cottage built there, with the daisies up to the door, and no path of any sort—just big enough to hold myself and one baby in-

side and a purple clematis outside. Sometimes when in the mood for society we would invite the remaining babies to tea and entertain them with wild strawberries on plates of horse-chestnut leaves; but no one less innocent and easily pleased than a baby would be permitted to darken the effulgence of our sunny cottage—indeed, I don't suppose that anybody wiser would care to come. Wise people want so many things before they can begin to enjoy themselves, and I feel perpetually apologetic, when with them, for only being able to offer them that which I love best myself—apologetic and half ashamed of being so easily contented.

Patriotism.

From Wilson's "New Dispensation at the Dawn of the Twentieth Century." (Lemcke & Buechner.)

PATRIOTISM is nothing but selfishness in its most hateful, hideous phase. As a patriot we love and praise everything that is ours, whether it is worthy of love and praise or not—our armies, our generals, our fleets, our schools, our government, our Bible and our God. We always praise these, and condemn all others.

Patriotism can make progress only so far as it tramples upon the rights and interests of those who are not of our country, our sect or our party. If it were not for this patriotism that we are describing we should have no armies and hence no wars. What do we have armies for? To protect our rights, to advance our interests, without any regard to the rights and interests of other people. We have wars chiefly to promote commerce, to furnish customers for our goods and goods for our customers. In all the history of this world, no war was ever undertaken except from the lowest, basest, and most selfish motives. Commerce—that harp of a thousand strings—how many wars has that caused. Whatever promotes commerce promotes patriotism, and whatever promotes patriotism is presumed to be right. In fact, as between nations, right itself is only what is favorable to one's own interests.

Why do we love patriots? Simply because they are ready to fight for us and die for us; while the one who fights and dies for some other people or some other country is no patriot at all, in our eyes. The Hessians who came over in 1777 to aid the British in subduing the Americans we never called patriots, no matter how well they fought nor how much they bled. Gen. Fraser who gave up his life at the battle of Saratoga we never think of calling a patriot. Even the French officers who so generously came to assist us in 1777 we never call patriots, because they were not fighting for their own country. Gen. Arnold was a patriot so long as he fought on the American side, but when he went to great Britain and helped the other side, he was no more a patriot but a traitor. It is evident that circumstances alter cases. Arnold was the same man, but under somewhat different circumstances. It is not fighting and bleeding that makes a man a patriot, but the side on which he decides to array himself.

Alton House.*From Eggleston's "A Carolina Cavalier." (Lothrop.)*

At that moment Alton House, a blaze of light, broke into view. It was a stately mansion built in the best architectural manner of a century before. Standing in a ten-acre grove of sky-scraping forest pines, it rose only to the height of two stories, with high pitched red tile covered roofs giving opportunity for spacious attics above the sleeping rooms. It was solidly built of English brick, with walls more than two feet in thickness to the eaves, whence extended a broad, almost flat piazza roof covering at once the balconies of the second floor and the piazza, beneath, full thirty feet wide, the whole carrying with it suggested memories of greetings between gallant lovers below and maiden mistresses in the balconies above. It is true, as Longfellow has written, that "All houses wherein men have lived and died are haunted houses"—haunted by memories of human life, of human joy and suffering, and, better than all, of human and humanizing love. Old family dwellings are not mere piles of bricks and mortar and beams without, and exhibition galleries of decorative art within, as is the rich speculator's new palace; they are human homes ivy-grown with memories, moss-covered with traditions. So it was with Alton House. Built in the very earliest days of Carolina settlement, it had been for generations not only the home of a distinguished and cultivated family, but the seat of a hospitality princely in its lavishness, and very loving in its inspiration. The old house had been the scene of many a revel, and better still of many a gentle love-making. It had sent out its sons to war, or to the cares of state, or to other strenuous endeavor, and its daughters to become the honored heads of other stately homes, the wives of gallant gentlemen, the mothers of sons deserving of all the honors that life could bring to them. So large had been the part played in Carolina by the men and women of the Alton race, and so mingled had their blood become with that of other Carolinian families of repute, that it had grown into a familiar saying that "It is only going home when one goes to Alton House."

LIFE-MUSIC.*From Morris' "Harvest Tide." (T. Y. Crowell.)*

SOUND, jocund strains; on pipe and viol sound,
Young voices sing;
Wreath every door with snow-white garlands round,
For lo! 't is Spring!
Winter has passed with its sad funeral train,
And hope revives again.

Blow high, blow loud upon the wreathed horn,
Sound joy-bells deep!
Green-kirtled summer walks through vines and corn,
The fenced fields sleep;
The first flowers fade, the green fruits swell, and yet
Fruition brings regret.

Lift joyous harvest-music mellow notes
With merry tunes!
Raise thankful paeans from manly throats,
Trumpets, bassoons!
Autumn has left red fruits and garnered gold,
With dawns and twilights cold.

The King is Dead! Long Live the King!*From Saville's "The Blessing of Esau." (A. Wests Co.)*

THERE was a moment's silence before the Chancellor approached. "Will your Ducal Highness rise? I would speak with your Highness's father."

The young man looked up at him dully as if the words brought no meaning. Then of a sudden understanding found him swiftly. Gently he slid back the still body upon the pillows, crossed the still hands, and drew to one side. In ordered ceremony the summons to the dead began.

Chancellor Telmar drew from his breast a small ivory mallet and smote lightly upon the dead man's forehead.

"Valentine, Grand Duke of Iluria, Lord of the Marches, Ban of Karsova, awake, awake, awake. Thy land has need of thee."

Silence hung heavily over the assemblage. The sputter of pine branches sang harshly. Out of the night, dull and wailingly through the casement, came the cry of an owl. A log broke apart upon the hearth.

A second and third time the summons was repeated, and the hammer fell gently upon the white forehead. No answer stirred the quiet lips. Telmar turned to face a new master:

"God in His great mercy has seen fit to summon from the torments of this world the soul of Valentine, Duke of Iluria, Lord of the Marches, Ban of Karsova. And to all be it known that to him succeeds Otho, lawfully begotten son of the said Valentine, and eighth of the House of Valovic. To him do I here tender fealty and troth. Long live the Grand Duke!" The cry echoed from each voice in the room, "Long live the Grand Duke!"

Captivity for Life.*From McElroy's "Juletty." (Crowell.)*

"WELL, well," I said soothingly, honoring her effort to defend her father from the stigma of his guilt.

"I am no longer an officer of the law, so it is no matter to me who the sinner is."

"No longer an officer! Then you would not be compelled to make arrests though you knew positively the offender?"

"No; I am under no farther necessity of that sort."

I was surprised at her evident disappointment.

Why was she anxious for justice thus late?

"It is like a coward to confess after danger is past, is it not, Jack?"

"No, dear; it is always brave to confess a wrong, and always cowardly to conceal one."

I was ashamed of it, but if she would offer another name I would be glad to have the stain removed from my intended wife's father.

"But first I must tell you, I do not think you have been so dreadfully stupid, after all." I winced. "I am sure you would have succeeded in your still-hunt long ago if the stillers had not been thoroughly prepared for you. I was in the little Mount Vernon drug-store the day you were shot, so I knew your business, and laid plans to foil you down here."

"So, so, my lady of the auburn lovelocks, I have you and Juliet both in one," I thought.

"But, Jack," and the sweet voice had taken on a little quaver of appeal, "though father is innocent, some one is guilty. What must be done with that person? There must be some penalty for the one who discovered the cave and arranged for its use, and who conjured up the idea of shipping the horrid stuff on the old raft, and who—well, who in short did everything but the manual labor; that person is guilty, and must be punished. Isn't that true, Jack?"

"Yes, dear, yes; the man who did all that—wilfully and deliberately plotting to defraud his Government—is a criminal, and certainly must suffer for it."

Then she threw up her proud little head, and looked at me squarely, with a flash of her Old Bourbon eyes that dried all their tears, and said, with a gleam of defiance:

"Then, Mr. Jack Burton, you may arrest me! You may take me to prison, for I laid every plan, and saw with my own eyes that they were executed properly! I did not think it wrong then, and I do not think so now—I—I—"

But she was interrupted, for I had caught her in my arms, and stopped her mouth with kisses.

I, the virtuous officer, who had almost hesitated to wed the daughter of a lawbreaker.

I clasped the real culprit close, and laughed at the thought of her pluck and the wisdom of her plans for evading justice, and revelled in the bravery of her final confession.

I called her a heroine, and my brave little

darling, and said how proud I was of her, and how grieved to punish her.

But grieved though I was, there was no escaping it, and I sentenced her to captivity for life—to the man who had raided her 'Licit Still.

The Oyster.

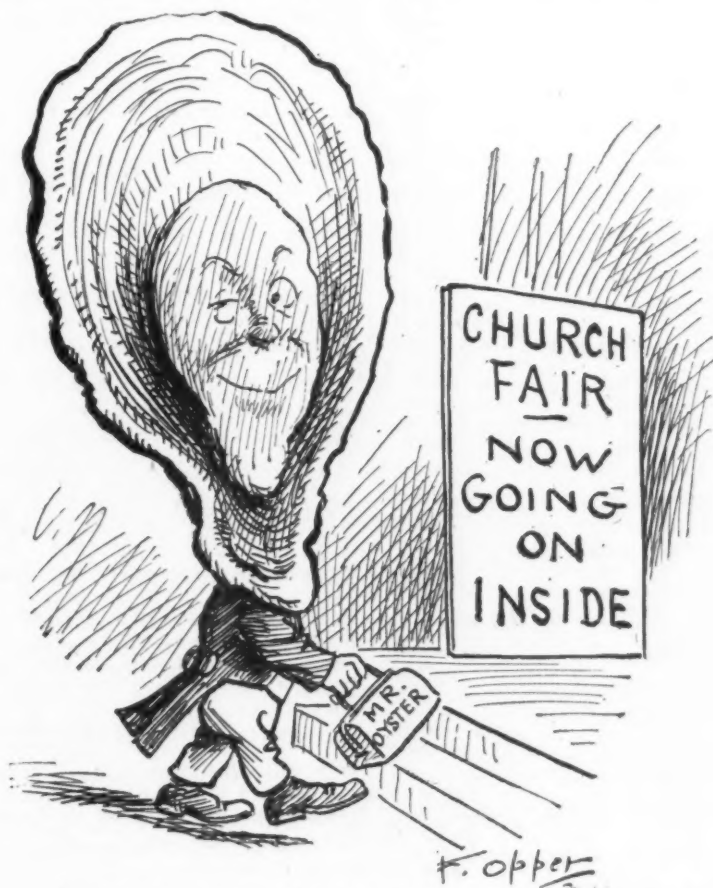
From Field's "The Tribune Primer." (Mutual Book Co.)

HERE we have an Oyster. It is going to a Church Fair. When it Gets to the Fair, it will Swim around a big Kettle of Warm Water. A Lady will Stir it with a Spoon, and sell the Warm Water for Forty Cents a pint. Then the Oyster will move on to the next Fair. In this Way the Oyster will visit all the Church Fairs in Town, and Bring a great many Dollars into the Church Treasury. The Oyster goes a great Way in a Good Cause.

Mamma's Scissors.

From Field's "The Tribune Primer." (Mutual Book Co.)

THESE are Mamma's Scissors. They do not seem to be in good Health. Well, they are a little Aged. They have considerable Work to Do. Mamma used them to Chop Kindling, cut Stove Pipe, pull Tacks, drive nails, cut the Children's Hair, punch new holes in the Calendar, slice Bar soap, pound beef Steak, open tomato Cans, Shear the New Foundland dog and cut out her New silk Dress. Why doesn't Papa get Mamma a new Pair of scissors? You should not Ask such a Naughty question. Papa cannot Afford to Play Billiards and Indulge his Extravagant family in the Luxuries of Life.



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MR. OYSTER.



From McElroy's "Juletty."

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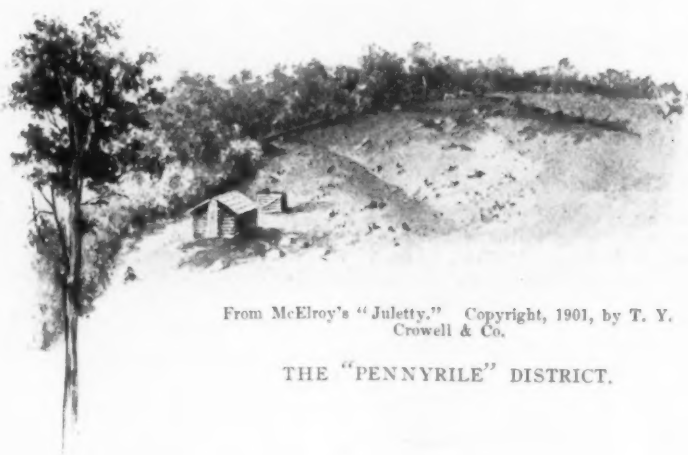
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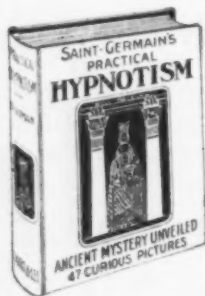
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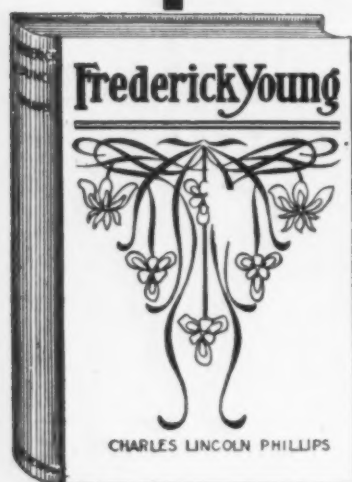
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Century Dict., v. 6, 6 v. ed.
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Milwaukee Public Library, Milwaukee, Wis.

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Neill, E. D., Concise History of Minnesota. 1887.
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Southern History Association Papers, v. 1. Washington, 1897.

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